twenty-two at a courthouse in Boston and police weighed the seriousness of further threats against two state office buildings, the John F. Kennedy Federal Building, the Statler Hilton hotel, several banks, and the police precinct investigating the courthouse blast, the Reagan team spied in Henry Kissinger's African peregrinations another opportunity for an offensive. "Rhodesia, primarily, and South Africa, secondarily," UPI explained, "are favorite causes of right-wing Republicans and major U.S. industrial firms." The generous interpretation of this was that conservatives pragmatically judged these maligned but pro-Western nations as important strategic bulwarks against the spread of Communism. (The world's only other exporter of chromium happened to be the Soviet Union.) The ungenerous interpretation was that they thought black Africans lacked the capacity to govern themselves. Leave it to the silver-tongued Reagan to devise a rhetoric that made holding off on black rule sound humanitarian, an anti- rather than a pro-imperialist imperative.

Reagan made the argument the day before the primary, in San Antonio, to three thousand, just outside the Alamo fortress. "We seem to be embarking on a policy of dictating to the people of southern Africa and running the risk of increased violence and bloodshed in an area already beset by tremendous antagonism and difficulties," he said. His claim was that what Kissinger called a necessity to ratchet down civil war was in fact instigating civil war. "The people of Rhodesia—black and white—have never been our enemies. They fought with us in World War II against Hitler and in the Pacific. If they show a creative attitude that can lead to a peaceful settlement, ourselves and others should avoid rhetoric or actions that could trigger chaos or violence. They have special problems which require time to solve. We're not going to cure the ills of the world overnight. The great issue of racial justice is as vital here at home as it is in Africa, and it would be well to make sure our own house is in order before we fly off to other lands to attempt to dictate policies to them."

We shall overcome.

Then came a low blow. He said of Kissinger, "What is more incredible is his announcement that our citizens in Rhodesia will not be protected by the United States government and that U.S. citizens residing in Rhodesia will be advised to get out. This has to be a first—the United States government proclaiming officially that its citizens must go unprotected in a foreign land."

Then he was off to speak at the Houston Music Theater, also before three thousand people, who gave him two standing ovations, the first

after he promised to "put God back in the classrooms," the second after he pledged to "never allow American soldiers to die in a no-win war."

He had already said, in Georgia, of the Kissinger-Ford Rhodesia policy, "I'm afraid we are going to have a massacre." Now Kissinger was livid. This was the real world he was dealing with: one of trade-offs, compromises, negotiation, intelligence assessments—such as the ones that, apparently, suggested the white government wasn't long for this world, and that it was time to get on the side of the winners if America wanted to preserve a flow of cheap chrome for the future, and preserve stability in a newly vital strategic region. What the hell, Kissinger plainly thought, did Ronald Reagan know? (Or: what the hell did Kissinger's old rival James Schlesinger, the right-wing former defense secretary now advising Reagan, know?) Ford gave Kissinger leave to vent spleen, on the record (previously, his attacks on Reagan had come through the media via an unnamed "senior American diplomat"). He did so on a plane to Monrovia, saying that Reagan's warnings of a "massacre" were "totally irresponsible," that "all states bordering Rhodesia have declared that the armed struggle has already started and as far as we can see, it has started. There is danger of outside intervention that would intensify it. I tried to develop a program that puts emphasis on negotiation and put a timetable on it as the only hope for avoiding massacre."

Not the kind of language conservative Texans liked to hear. President Ford, apparently, knew it. Damned if he did, damned if he didn't. At a speech in Dallas on Thursday, April 29, he bragged he would win—despite the fact that the day before, his audience ignored him in Lubbock (until he introduced his supporter, Dallas Cowboys coach Tom Landry), and half his audience had walked out of his next speech, in Houston, before the scheduled Q&A. By April 30, however, the boasting was dropped—though the attacks picked up. "When it comes to the life and death decisions of our national security the decisions must be the right one. There are no retakes in the Oval Office." (Reagan, asked by the *Dallas Morning News* what he would think if he was asked by Ford to be vice president, answered, "*Wellllll*, maybe he would like to have a Vice President that makes retakes and who is irresponsible.") The President Ford Committee was also spending four times more money than Citizens for Reagan, almost a stunning million dollars, to no avail; every time Reagan mentioned Panama, a historian noted, "voters would inundate Ford's campaign offices with phone calls wanting to know why the President was giving it away."

The next night the president spoke at the White House Correspondents Dinner, where a president's job was to let his hair down and tell

jokes. Ford told his just as the polls closed in Texas: "I have a great many friends in Texas, but we won't know exactly how many for an hour." "I totally agree with Reagan about Panama"—he put on a garish Panama hat—"I bought it, I paid for it, I own it, and I'm going to keep it." And: "I learned two things in Texas: Never underestimate your opponent. And always shuck the tamale."

Then he learned how few friends he had in Texas. He lost, 33 to 66 percent. Reagan garnered all ninety-six of the state's Republican delegates. That was almost 9 percent of what he needed for the nomination—the Republicans' delegate formula happening to tilt toward the conservative South and Southwest. It was the worst election defeat ever suffered by a sitting president.

THE FORD CAMPAIGN LEARNED SOMETHING ELSE, SOMETHING THE STAFF should have figured out much earlier. Republican turnout in, for instance, El Paso, had doubled since the last election. An unsigned Ford campaign memo written shortly after the Texas landslide pondered the mystery: "The unexpected Reagan success in certain caucus states—New Mexico, Kansas, Colorado—seems puzzling. Turnout is very high, the people coming to vote or to the caucuses are unknown and have not been involved in the Republican political system before; they vote overwhelmingly for Reagan."

It continued, "A clear pattern is emerging; these turnouts now do not seem accidental but appear to be the result of skillful organization by extreme right wing political groups in the Reagan camp." (How right-wing? One questioner at a presidential rally asked, "Do you plan to continue to lead this country to full socialism?") They were "operating almost invisibly through direct mail and voter turnout efforts conducted by . . . a loose coalition of right-wing political committees set up by or in conjunction with Richard Vigurie's [*sic*] political direct mail firm. Others have been funded either by a wealthy sponsor (Joe Coors) or by a special interest group like the NRA. . . . They have been raising money for many years, and have extensive mailing lists made up of people interested in these issues."

The memo named some of the groups: George Wallace's old American Independence Party ("Vigurie [*sic*] conducted the Wallace fund raising operation and owns this mailing list"), the National Conservative Political Action Committee, the National Right to Work Committee, the American Medical Association's PAC, the NRA, the ACU, the Committee for the Survival of a Free Congress, the Heritage Foundation. It noted, "Many of the members of these groups are not loyal Republicans or Democrats. They are alienated from both parties because neither takes a sympathetic view toward their issues. Particularly those groups controlled by Vigurie [*sic*] hold a 'rule or ruin' attitude toward the GOP." It named frightening stakes for Gerald Ford: "Being well funded, they can afford to conduct independent advertising campaigns on behalf of Reagan. Such expenditures are not chargeable to Reagan's campaign"—meaning effectively that Reagan could still earn matching funds even if his supporters spent an *infinite* amount of money, whatever caps were designated by the campaign finance law.

And it adumbrated their brave new political methodology: "They can target an effective direct mail campaign based on response to fund raising mail using outrageous literature designed to motivate people interested in a right-wing cause. . . . In a state where the GOP vote is traditionally small such an effort can be devastating. In caucus states where few people attend the county caucuses such an effort can control the state conventions."

It was striking that the scales fell from Republican establishment eyes only then—that in the middle of 1976 a top staffer in an incumbent president's campaign didn't even know how to spell "Richard Viguerie." But the Reagan hands still flying commercial instead of charter, who hadn't been sure they would win Texas at all, were a little taken aback by their right-wing infrastructure's sudden full flowering in the field of presidential politics, too. It had been sudden, this brave new political world coming into bloom, this bastard child of the 1974 Campaign Finance Reform Act. Five hundred and sixteen political action committees were registered with the FEC in 1974; by the end of 1976 there were 1,116 Though not all, of course, were conservative, the most aggressive ones were: Paul Weyrich's Committee for the Survival of a Free Congress raised $1.7 million in 1976. All told that year "New Right" PACs—excluding preexisting conservative groups, who'd raised but $250,000 for congressional races in 1972—raised $5.6 million.

The memo concluded, with the key words underlined: "We are in real danger of being out-organized by a small number of highly motivated *right wing nuts.*"

But they were also in danger of being outmotivated by voters who were not that nutty at all. William Safire published a smart postmortem on Texas. He pointed out that Henry Kissinger's speeches for Ford in Dallas "gave a boost to the *Reagan* forces"—as did his attack on Reagan from overseas.

In words that applied to Jimmy Carter's successes, too, he said, "The campaign centers on who can best appeal to our pride rather than our

guilt. Who can assert America's moral strength and affirm our greatness?" Not Henry Kissinger: "In Texas, relinquishing the Panama Canal was a vivid symbol of the 'one-way street' to national decline, and this cannot be dismissed as mere cowboy kookies." It was not what the pundits had seen coming, Reagan's "kind of pushy patriotism, by jingo, a reaction to Vietnam-Watergate that the self-flagellators did not expect." But Gerald Ford had better pay attention, the Florida paper advised him: stop condescending to Reagan. "Instead, make the case for what you're doing to regenerate our national will. You can't shuck your diplomatic tamale now—that would be a sign of weakness—but you can start making your own case."

Especially after what happened right after Texas. Speaking to ten thousand in the coliseum at Fort Wayne, Indiana, the president desperately waved the recent words of Barry Goldwater in the air: the 1964 nominee said he supported Ford on Panama "and I think Reagan would too if he knew more about it." He said in a TV interview that "Governor Reagan has taken many, too many simplistic statements and indicated in one way or another he might take a rash action."

Then, on Tuesday, May 4, Indiana, Georgia, and Alabama went to the polls—and gave the rash Reagan 51, 68, and 71 percent respectively. In Indiana Reagan had scored a last-minute 10-point turnaround. The delegate count was now reportedly 381 to 372 for Reagan. The AP's political commentator Walter Mears wrote, "Reagan's victories put the President's political future in jeopardy." Evans and Novak wrote that it "opens the distinct possibility that Gerald R. Ford may not win the Republican nomination." Rogers Morton, asked how he planned to respond, answered with a gaffe: "I'm not going to rearrange the furniture on the *Titanic*!"

The next week was Nebraska. Barry Goldwater wrote a letter of advice to Ford: "You are the President. Do not stupe [*sic*] to arguing with another candidate." Another candidate, he suggested, for whom he had hearty contempt: "Reagan's trick, as you know is to have a whole handful of cards and he shuffles out whatever comes out to be ten minutes of speaking." (So Ford's speeches, the 1964 nominee suggested, should be equally "punchy.") He also betrayed contempt for Reagan's supporters—Goldwater supporters, once upon a time: "You are not going to get the Reagan vote. These are the same people who got me the nomination and they will never swerve." Instead he should concentrate on "middle America. They have never had it so good"—though who knows where Goldwater got that argument. The latest unemployment rate was 9 percent.

But Reagan won Nebraska 51 to 49. Which was even worse for Ford than a mere loss. This was Reagan's first victory in a state that did not allow Democrats to vote for Republicans—destroying Ford's argument that Reagan's victories were owed only to Wallace Democrats crossing over to vote Republican. Counting a Ford win that same day in West Virginia, the score over the first eleven days including the "May Day Massacre" was 282 delegates for Ronald Reagan, and 27 for the President of the United States.

He showed up in caricature on the cover of that week's *Time* wearing a "WIN" button alongside Reagan in a schoolboy's goofy helicopter beanie. The issue included an interview with Reagan, who went after the Democrats' Georgian heir apparent like it was a general election—though a Republican general election candidate hadn't sounded like this since Barry Goldwater in 1964: "He's for the Humphrey-Hawkins bill"—Senator Humphrey and Watts Congressman Augustus F. Hawkins's legislation to require the Federal Reserve to implement monetary policy with full employment (defined originally as a 2 percent unemployment rate) as its target—and if 2 percent or less unemployment did not result, for the government to directly provide jobs.

"If ever there was a design for fascism, that's it. Fascism was really the basis for the New Deal. It was Mussolini's success in Italy, with his government-directed economy, that led the early New Dealers to say, 'But Mussolini keeps the trains running on time.' The Humphrey-Hawkins bill calls for the same kind of planned economy, and that would mark the end of the free marketplace in this country."

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

They Yearned to Believe

THE CHURCH COMMITTEE'S FINAL REPORT HAD BEEN RELEASED THE morning of the Pennsylvania primary, April 27, full of stunning revelations about the CIA and FBI dressed in short, sharp prose: "unsavory and vicious tactics have been employed—including anonymous attempts to break up marriages, disrupt meetings, ostracize persons from their professions, and provoke target groups into rivalries that might result in deaths"; "many Americans and domestic groups have been subjected to investigation who were not suspected of criminal activity"; "the intelligence agencies have regularly collected information about personal and political activities irrelevant to any legitimate government interest." But even that was not biting enough for three Democratic members, Phil Hart, Walter Mondale, and Gary Hart, who called the report "diluted," its "most important implications either lost or obscured in vague language."

Once more, not too many people cared. The *New York Times* was about the only paper to quote the part about "unsavory and vicious tactics." None, apparently, quoted the report's conclusion that "the Constitution has been violated in secret and the power of the executive branch has gone unchecked, unchallenged." A quote from the former head of the FBI's domestic surveillance division—"Never once did I hear anybody, including myself, raise the question: 'Is this course of action which we have agreed upon lawful, is it legal, is it ethical or moral?'"—went virtually unnoticed. The report also printed in full a once-top-secret 1954 document by World War II air ace General Jimmy Doolittle describing the CIA's expanded mission: "long-standing American concepts of 'fair play' must be reconsidered. We must . . . learn to subvert, sabotage, and destroy our enemies by more clever, more sophisticated, and more effective methods than those used against us. It may become necessary that the American people be made acquainted with, understand, and support this fundamentally repugnant philosophy." But the American people did not formally make the acquaintance of

that philosophy, not in 1954, or 1976—for few if any papers quoted the Doolittle Report, either.

As Otis Pike said, "they think it is better not to know."

Frank Church had finally entered the presidential race. "To those who say it's too late," he said in the tiny town of Idaho City (tinier than Plains, Georgia!), where he grew up, "I reply that it's never too late—nor are the odds ever too great—to try. In that spirit the West was won, and in that spirit, I announce my candidacy for the Presidency of the United States." But when he entered Nebraska's May 11 primary it was easy for the media to dismiss him; newspapers and networks weren't even sending reporters into the state, so sure were they of another Carter win.

Carter won Texas and Indiana on May 4, both handily (in Indiana he got 68 percent), and made the covers of *Time* and *Newsweek* as the presumptive nominee. Washington sages started watching Old Man Daley, seeing if the Chicago mayor was ready to move in with an endorsement, the traditional sign that in the party of Jefferson and Jackson the fat lady had sung. He was not ready yet—though he did say the combo of Carter and Adlai Stevenson III, the senator his machine was responsible for electing, would make an "outstanding" ticket.

Then, a bombshell. Carter had hired a brilliant young speechwriter named Bob Shrum. Nine days into his employment—and the day after the Pennsylvania primary—Shrum resigned. He made his resignation letter public. He said he'd joined the campaign because he thought Carter had "found the idiom to reach across the deep divisions of our time." He said he quit because Carter was "manipulative and deceitful." He gave examples: Of a plan to help coal miners suffering from black lung disease, Carter had allegedly said, "It would offend the operators. And why should I do this for Arnold Miller"—the head of the union—"if he won't come and endorse me? . . . I don't think the benefits should be automatic. They chose to be miners." And of the Israeli-Palestinian crisis, "I don't want any more statements on the Middle East or Lebanon. Jackson has all the Jews anyway." And though Carter pledged, on the campaign trail, a 5 to 7 percent cut in Pentagon spending, Shrum claimed he privately said he might favor "a substantial increase in the defense budget."

Shrum addressed Carter in his letter: "You say you wish to keep your options open. Within reason, that is understandable. But an election is the only option the people have. After carefully reflecting on what I have seen and heard here, I don't know what you would do as president." Shrum told Mary McGrory, one of those who warned he

would never work in Washington again, "But he lies, and nobody will say it. I can't excuse myself from saying something because I tell myself that it wouldn't make any difference. Too many people did that during the Vietnam War." Carter, wounded, responded, "I don't feel inclined to comment on this young man's statement."

But Carter added, he "obviously wrote the letter for the news media.... I'm not a liar and I don't make statements in private contrary to those I make in public."

Which, however, was a lie. And contrary to what he said in private.

Came the results from Nebraska: Frank Church, 38.4 percent; Jimmy Carter, 37.62 percent. Hardly mentioning his recent career as a scourge of the national security establishment, presenting himself, Elizabeth Drew observed, "as a good, safe, traditional Democrat, a responsible senator," Church won by hitting a sweet spot: not too liberal, not too conservative—and not Jimmy Carter. That same day Carter barely won Connecticut, edging out the persistent Second Place Mo by little more than 2 points.

Carter traveled once more in Washington. After long claiming his run had nothing to do with endorsements, he was now hunting endorsements—and got them: Senator Thomas Eagleton and a number of other prominent Missourians; eighteen House freshmen. He met with George Meany; he ducked into New York and reportedly won over former Jackson supporter Abe Beame of New York. The message was that it was time to get aboard the winning bandwagon before it was too late, though bandwagoneers came bearing demands of their own. "His health insurance speech," like his recent embrace of the Humphrey-Hawkins Bill," Elizabeth Drew wrote, "brought him into the orbit of the Democratic Party's interest group politics. The speech was worked out in negotiations with the United Auto Workers."

Carter responded to the bad news out of Nebraska while attending a party in Washington, D.C. Smiling grimly, he said, "I can't win 'em all." The farmer was wearing black tie, which pointed up a curious dynamic. An antipolitician is hardly an antipolitician once he starts winning and works to close the deal by sewing up the Establishment. People start saying things like what Birch Bayh said while endorsing him in Indiana on the eve of a landslide—oily things: "While I was an active candidate for the presidency I expressed concern about Governor Carter's position on several important national issues. Subsequent personal conversations have convinced me that Governor Carter and I share a deep common concern on most issues facing our nation." Soon such praising with faint damns started rolling in from the power-hungry—as in the following

uninspiring endorsement from a congressional freshman: "The complete politician is someone who can be his own man and still have everybody like him. That's the epitome of the politician. Carter appears to be his own man and still have all kinds of groups liking him."

At times like this the front-runner began to look like the same old scum on the pond. A new fresh breeze can then whip through the pines.

JERRY BROWN STARTED CAMPAIGNING IN MARYLAND WITH THE SUPPORT of the Democratic machine (Governor Marvin Mandel there despised the Georgian front-runner). "Where is the real Jimmy Carter?" Brown asked. "There's that smile, but who's the person behind it?" Udall hit him on the same score in Michigan: Mo's cartoon ads showed Carter as two-faced, and pointed out that in 1971, as governor in a conservative state, he'd called for withdrawal from Vietnam—but only because we weren't doing enough there to win (Ronald Reagan's position); the next year he urged Democratic governors not to make a political issue of Vietnam after he'd made it one himself as a hawk; and in 1975 Carter had supported Ford's call for last-minute assistance to the Saigon government. "So who is Jimmy Carter? What does he really believe?"

These two "M" states, Michigan and Maryland, were interesting. George Wallace had won both in 1972, while still in the hospital after his assassination attempt. Michigan was one of those open primary states, where racial reactionaries in both parties might crowd to the polls for Ronald Reagan—as they had four years earlier for Wallace. In fact Reagan might win *more* of them than Wallace. From time to time since 1972, the *New York Times* had been checking in with a "typical" blue-collar Michigan voter named Dewey Burton and his family. Burton was typical in that he'd been an avid union man and Democratic voter in 1968, and a Wallace supporter in 1972—and he now supported Ronald Reagan. He liked him because he was like Wallace, just "without the shadow of racism behind him." Reagan also benefited from the *Nashville*-style "Replacement Party" mood, as he himself noted: "The results of the last several primaries—in both parties—reveal a great desire on the part of the people for a change, an end to politics as usual."

What it all meant was that the state that returned Gerald Ford to Congress eight times since 1948 might reject Ford in its primary in 1976—at a stand-or-fall moment in his presidential campaign. Reported the *Times*, "The Nebraska defeat transforms Mr. Ford's political condition from serious to critical. If he loses in Michigan next week, it may become terminal." One former congressman and Ford delegate said that if he lost in Michigan, "The President should withdraw as a candidate."

The newspaper of record cited another "unfavorable omen for Mr. Ford": Michigan was one of the few non-Southern or non-Western states left to select their delegates. Most of the upcoming primaries were in conservative states where Reagan could run up the score: places like Arizona, Tennessee, Louisiana, and his native California. The *New York Times* now reported that Reagan was ahead in the delegate count 476 to 333, with about 1,400 left to select (he was behind 40 to 54 percent in Gallup's popularity poll, but political parties are not quite democracies). London bookies now gave Reagan seven-to-four odds to win—whereas they had been ten to one against Reagan but a month earlier. Commentators started using words like "crucial" and "critical" and "last chance" to describe the incumbent's campaign.

Ford decided a change was in order: he would be nice now—"presidential." Why vote for him? "Because," he answered his own question for the Economic Club of Detroit, "I've done a good job. Because I've turned a lot of things around and we're going in the right direction. Because I want a mandate from Michigan and the American people to finish the job." (Reagan told the same group of wealthy executives that "the automobile and the men and women who make it are under constant attack from . . . elitists, some of whom feel guilty because Americans have built such a prosperous nation, and some of whom seem obsessed with the need to substitute government control in place of individual decision making.") But Ford also did something nasty: when the new campaign finance bill that would free up frozen matching funds finally hit his desk on May 5, he waited five days to sign it.

The two candidates split the voting on May 11. Ford won West Virginia. Maybe his kowtowing to the antitextbook militants in 1974 had helped. Reagan won Nebraska—despite radio commercials by Barry Goldwater for Gerald Ford in which the conservative hero said, "I know Ronald Reagan's public statements concerning the Panama Canal contained gross factual errors. . . . He has clearly represented himself in an irresponsible manner on an issue which could affect the nation's security." Polls had put Ford way ahead just weeks earlier. As for Goldwater, he soon was fielding messages so angry that he told his friend Sally Quinn of the *Washington Post,* "I didn't realize Western Union would send telegrams like that."

Ford waited several more days to appoint commissioners to the newly reconstituted FEC who could sign off on releasing matching funds, at a time when the Reagan campaign was $1.2 million in debt. His campaign began putting pressure on Reagan through the press to release his tax return; Reagan refused. That led to more press reports about how his investment in that cattle tax shelter in 1970 helped him pay no state income tax, and a *New York Times* report that he probably hadn't paid federal tax that year either. (The campaign responded that he had paid "at least" several hundred dollars.) And Ford directed the governor of Michigan, William Milliken, to get nasty on the campaign's behalf. Milliken promptly said Michigan was where "box office diplomacy [and] the celluloid candidacy of Ronald Reagan would be exposed."

It was desperation—as were his Reaganward policy feints: putting off signing a nuclear treaty with the Soviet Union years in the making; ordering his attorney general to find an "appropriate" dispute through which to challenge busing in the Supreme Court. It was hard to stay nice when your twenty-seven-year political career might be nearing the precipice, and your stressed-out advisors were attacking each other in the press in increasingly rancorous terms.

Soon, on the stump, the candidate of calm started losing his cool, too.

Ford had embarked upon an old-fashioned whistle-stop tour through the Wolverine State. On Saturday, May 15, he boasted from the platform on the train's caboose of the improved economy. "Yeah?" a heckler responded. "You blew it."

Grumpy old Ford: "We blew it in the right direction, young man, and if you'd go out and look for a job you'd find out."

Ford's boorish reply was seized upon by Carter at a mall in the Michigan town of Livonia: "Twelve and a half percent of the people in the workforce in Michigan are unemployed and for the President to insinuate that anybody in this country can find [a job] shows he's been in Washington too long . . . and shows he's been out of touch with what's going on in this country." Carter gave it to Reagan, too, for "refusing to let people know that . . . he paid zero taxes on a very large income." He ignored his Democratic rivals. He was "absolutely" sure, he told reporters, he'd win the nomination.

Hubris. He was shocked to be beaten in Maryland 49 to 37 percent by Jerry Brown. He edged out Udall in Michigan by a nose. Energized stop-Carter forces jammed the phone lines of Congressman Paul Simon of Illinois, thought to be the one brokering a convention usurpation on behalf of Humphrey. Touts also pressed Ted Kennedy for his response. "There are some who will not believe until someone else is nominated," wrote Elizabeth Drew, "that Kennedy will not run."

Meanwhile, Gerald Ford was safe, for now: he won Maryland 58 to 42 and Michigan 65 to 43. The Republican race, cliché-minded reporters now wrote, was a "seesaw battle."

ALL EYES WERE ON JERRY BROWN. IT WAS TIME FOR A NEW INSURGENT—an antipolitician for those for whom Jimmy Carter had never been nearly antipolitical enough. For folks who thought Carter too rigid on the issues. Weird, weird Jerry Brown.

He explained, in an article on Reagan's taxes, why he did not claim deductions on his own return: "It doesn't turn me on."

An interviewer asked him why he didn't talk about his gubernatorial accomplishments before audiences: "That's not part of my process."

He said, "My attitude is that you want to liberate people to find themselves and find space to live and explore life."

And: "I don't have answers. I have questions."

"It's a commitment to a process that will have to be filled in."

"Just to stay where we are may take some pretty profound changes."

Edmund G. "Jerry" Brown Jr. was the son of a very conventional, Irish Catholic, ward-heeler style of Democratic politician, Pat Brown, who rode to glory by doing what all successful Democratic politicians did during the postwar economic boom: he built. A $1.99 billion aqueduct system to deliver water to Southern California. A thousand more miles of freeways. Seven new public university campuses. He built the ladder upon which California's middle class had climbed. Then he was undone by the shocking challenge of Ronald Reagan in 1966. His fourth child, born in 1938, observed his father's political fall from a rather odd place: a Jesuit seminary, where he spent three and a half years, one of them entirely silent. He had since identified with the fashionable religion of Zen Buddhism.

When Junior became governor, in 1975, he did not build. He cut spending for education. He stopped providing free briefcases for state bureaucrats. He lobbied against his own pay raise. He gave janitors the exact same pay raise as judges. His state-of-the-state address lasted seven minutes. Like the young Colorado governor Richard Lamm, elected for fighting Denver's Winter Olympics bid, or Mayor Tom Bradley in Los Angeles, who made a campaign promise *not* to build new highways or homes, Jerry Brown fetishized *limits*—much to traditional liberals' chagrin. "He was Pat Brown's son, and everyone figured that Jerry Brown's election meant that the faucets would start flowing again," a prominent Democratic pol related to a journalist. "Well, everyone was wrong." Liberal groups and unions bitterly joked about wanting their campaign donations back. *Was* he even a liberal? Answered Jerry Brown, "I am not restrained by the metaphors and mythologies associated with the term."

It made him stunningly popular. By the end of 1975, only 7 percent of the state's residents rated his performance as "poor."

He had come up through the civil rights and antiwar movements, the first politician of national stature to do so. He served as a member of the University of California Board of Regents, then as state attorney general, and was the basis for the character played by Robert Redford in the 1972 movie *The Candidate.* ("What do we do now?" the Candidate asks at the end of the picture, blankly, after he wins.) He won the governor's mansion at the youthful age of thirty-six—well, actually, he bypassed the new governor's mansion, which had been built for Reagan by his friends for $8.4 million in 2013 dollars, in favor of a modest bachelor apartment, where he slept on a mattress on the floor and kept a copy of Aristotle on the coffee table. He ate in health food restaurants. He refused the gubernatorial chauffeured limousine—he drove himself in a 1967 Plymouth sedan. He quoted *Small Is Beautiful,* and the radical social philosopher and designer Buckminster Fuller: "We are on a very small Spaceship Earth, and we've got to respect the limits." He did things like appointing antiwar POW Edison Miller to the Orange County Board of Supervisors; Miller was the one who'd turned his back on his fellow marines upon his return to Camp Pendleton. ("I will try my best to have every veteran in the state of Oklahoma vote against Jerry Brown for anything," responded another POW, who headed the Naval ROTC at the University of Oklahoma. "I will take off my uniform to do that.") One of his handpicked candidates to be a presidential convention delegate was Elaine Brown, a Black Panther leader. Mike Royko called him "Governor Moonbeam." *Doonesbury* once featured a character who traveled to California to work for him. But before he got there, he had to brush up on the governor's California-speak. He asked an expert how one might translate a passage of Blake: "The moon like a flower in heaven's high bower, with silent delight, sits and smiles on the night." The answer: "OH, WOW, LOOK AT THE MOON."

California loved him. Now the nation would meet him.

His April 28 trip to Maryland to campaign was his first travel outside California since he'd been elected a year and a half earlier. As he toured a waste management facility, he turned to reporters: "What is the inner meaning of this? Why are we here? What are we doing?" He toured a Westinghouse plant, shook hands, told a worker, "I hope you'll vote for me." The reply: "I will." A double take: "You will? But you don't know anything about me." A reporter asked him who his favorite political

philosopher was. He answered, "Thomas Hooker." Another inquired who Thomas Hooker was. The answer: "I'm just being facetious. He's the only obscure name I could remember from political science class." His TV commercials had him antipolitically saying that a president "comes in the morning, leaves at night. . . . He is just a human being like everybody else. There's no magic, there's no genius."

Nevertheless, beneath his blathering political anti-blather many of his views turned out to be shockingly conventional, and he had always been strikingly shrewd about the uses of power. Shaking hands while running for governor, he'd say, "Hello, I'm Jerry Brown. I'm Pat Brown's son, and I'm running for governor. I hope you'll vote for me." He boasted in speeches of a bill he was about to sign providing for stricter safety regulations for the construction of nuclear plants—but took no position on a proposition on California ballots that year to limit such construction. He said he wouldn't cut the defense budget.

He was also disarmingly honest—quite the calling card, in 1976.

In both parties May 25 would be a crucial test; Idaho, Nevada, and Oregon; and Tennessee, Arkansas, and Kentucky, two sort-of regional primaries. In Oregon, Elizabeth Drew sat down for a conversation with Jerry Brown, although, she wrote, "One does not hold a conversation with Brown—one holds a symposium with him." She asked him about his attraction to Zen Buddhism. He replied, "I pick things up from a variety of sources. Zen stresses living in the moment. So do the Jesuits, so does monastic living—living in the present moment, don't worry about tomorrow. Divine Providence will take care of it. Be in the present moment. *Age quod agis*—that's a Jesuit motto. Do whatever you're doing. That could be Zen as well as Jesuit." He was asked how "living for the moment" squared with the task of planning the governing of the nation's largest state. He replied by describing his philosophy as "creative non-action": "Many possibilities can be in your mind. You try to think ahead, but you can't recognize the multiplicity of possibilities. You can't control events and you can't predict them."

Wow. Look at the moon.

She came away convinced Brown was running for president because he was bored with being governor. (He was easily bored; he once called being governor "a pain in the ass.") She recorded him, on the campaign trail, making fun of political conventions and political language (which, of course, he had grown up with), and even making fun of the voters to their faces: "As Bend goes . . . so goes Oregon, and so goes the country," he goofed in front of an audience in . . . Bend. (Not Carter. He'd added to his usual litany—that he'd been a farmer, an engineer, and a businessman—that he had "substantial timber holdings," timber, of course, being a major export of Oregon.)

In Bend, Brown was applauded uproariously for pointing up the bill he had signed two days earlier to give a 10 percent tax deduction to homeowners who installed solar panels, and his measure to reduce the amount of water that toilets use when they flush, and for cutting the highway department from 16,000 to 13,500 employees.

His audience also liked this:

"We have fiscal limits, we have ecological limits, we even have human limits . . . too much over-promising, too much overselling . . . the human species is not going to make it unless we can figure out another way. . . . How long is it going to take before we blow this whole planet up?"

AND OREGON LOVED IT. HE WAS SO IN DEMAND, AND SO WILLING TO hold symposia with voters, that he started showing up hours late for appearances. Voters just patiently waited for him to arrive, then stood listening, rapt. (Drew reflected, "It is a cool night in Coos Bay, and the crowd is paying close attention to this young man who tells it that the world may blow up.") *Doonesbury* soon depicted his fans offering the following campaign chant: "Hey, ho! Go with the flow!" And imagined this dialogue:

"But if you admit to not having the answer to any of the problems facing the nation, why should anyone vote of your for President?"

"I believe I am the best qualified to wing it."

But winning Oregon would be a challenge for Brown: his name wasn't on the ballot. That became one of his jokes: look for the blank spot on the ballot. "That doesn't represent my mind—it's not blank. But it's open. . . . There's a certain amount of Zen emptiness." His campaign storefronts bustled with volunteers—just like Jimmy Carter's once had. Jimmy Carter, who no longer looked like an insurgent at all. The week before Oregon voted, the story dominating the coverage of Carter's campaign was his response back in 1971 when William "Rusty" Calley had been convicted for mass murder at the Vietnam village of My Lai. Carter had declared "American Fighting Man's Day" and recommended all Georgians drive with their headlights on to "honor the flag as Rusty had done." Now he denied ever having said it: just another politician.

NATIONWIDE, MORE CHAOS, MORE EMBARRASSMENT, MORE MORAL CORrosion. An even worse cheating scandal was revealed at the U.S. Military Academy at West Point, the largest in its 174-year history. (The student body responded by voting to reduce the penalty for cheating.) A front-

page report in the *Philadelphia Inquirer* stated, "An alarming amount of nuclear fuel has disappeared from the nation's nuclear power plants—more than enough for terrorist fanatics to build atomic bombs capable of killing thousands. Embarrassed nuclear officials admit they don't know how much is missing, or where it has gone. But angry experts told the *Inquirer* that enough plutonium and uranium has vanished to build an entire arsenal of nuclear weapons." (An MIT physicist said, "America is sitting on a nuclear time bomb. The fuse is getting shorter all the time." Paul Ehrlich was quoted: "Any determined person or group with some intelligence can build a bomb. . . . At one plant it was possible to enter a room containing raw material for bombs merely by pulling off flimsy metal louvers covering vent holes in a wall.") A conference at the State University of New York in Brockport on cheating in sports concluded it was being engaged in "not only by individual athletes, but also by whole teams, by coaches, managers, owners, and even judges."

Sports was the subject of a popular Hollywood farce that came out on April 22. The plot of *The Bad News Bears* was a traditionally uplifting one—that familiar old Capraesque story about the sad sacks banding together and beating the swells through sheer democratic pluck. But it was conveyed with a crudeness unimaginable onscreen before Watergate. A drunken lout played by Walter Matthau is recruited to coach a Little League team. One player, a budding black nationalist, calls him "honky." He recruits a tomboy with a vicious curveball, played by Tatum O'Neal, but he has to bribe her to lure her away from her lucrative hustle of selling phony maps to the homes of the Hollywood stars. ("I know it says a buck twenty-five on the map but it's really two dollars because of inflation.") A teammate greets her: "Jews, spics, niggers, and now a girl?" Matthau teaches her how to throw illegal spitballs. A kid trips a base runner—no criticism from the coach; likewise when another surreptitiously hits a competitor in the genitals. O'Neal tries to recruit to the team a juvenile delinquent, who is preoccupied with his own hustle—air hockey, a dollar a game. She has to go on a date with him when she loses, inspiring the following dialogue:

Matthau: "Eleven-year-old girls don't go on dates!"

O'Neal: "Blow it out your bunghole. I know an eleven-year-old girl who's already on the pill."

These eleven-year-olds also swear like sailors, wear Budweiser shirts, and drink the beers their alcoholic coach hands out. The bad guy is a city councilman who cynically keeps pictures of JFK, RFK, and Martin Luther King on his office wall, the better to cover up his Nixon-like scams. The Bears make it to the championship, where Matthau advises a player to cheat. ("Get hit in the arm or the leg. Don't make it obvious.") He won't take his girl pitcher out of the game even at the risk of injury to her arm. The last line of the picture, when the team wins second place, is "Hey Yankees—you can take your apology and your trophy and shove it up your ass!"

And this was a *kids'* movie.

Another gag sent up something else unsavory: the nation's birthday party. The Bears' uniforms were sponsored by "Chico's Bail Bonds"—slogan, "Let Freedom Ring"; logo, the Liberty Bell. Just like real life, where the Bicentennial was taking shape with all the class of a holiday mattress sale. The suspicious circles derided it as the "buycentennial." The Bicentennial Wagon Train was sponsored by Holiday Inn, Mayflower Moving, and Gulf Oil. Each of CBS's "Bicentennial Minutes" ended with a commercial for Shell Oil; as it happened, Bicentennial sponsors Gulf and Shell were both wrapped up in bribery scandals. All told, some 250 corporations sponsored official programs of the American Revolution Bicentennial Commission, whose chairman was a Hollywood producer, to the tune of $38.9 million.

More prosaically, you could buy Bicentennial garbage cans, a Bicentennial "commemorative LP" with the story of the nation's founding as read by radio host Paul Harvey ("Ideal gift for every occasion in '76! . . . *HAND LETTERING • HANDSOME ILLUSTRATIONS • QUALITY PAPER • ELEGANT GOLD EMBOSSING*"); phony Bicentennial parchments with a scriptural affirmation of God's hand in America's future (2 Chronicles 7:14: "If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, *and* will heal their land"); Bicentennial medallions; Bicentennial whoopee cushions, garbage cans, toilet seats—even, thanks to one intrepid entrepreneur, a Bicentennial casket. "News accounts pointed out that cheap Bicentennial trinkets were often made in overseas factories," a historian noticed—even the ones from the companies that kicked back a fee to the official Bicentennial Commission, and so got to feature the official logo on their product. Among those who probably didn't go through the trouble were the guy who opened a Bicentennial massage parlor, the "Uncle Sam's" chain of discos (they had a drink called the Firecracker), and the car dealership in San Jose that sponsored a man who was attempting to break the record for "pole sitting," and who planned to descend on July 4.

And all to celebrate—what? Our glorious cities? A May 18 headline in the *Los Angeles Times:* "TWO SLAIN GUARDING CHURCH." The article

was about how at the ornate Our Lady of Guadalupe, in a neighborhood of intensifying drug- and gang-related violence, a mother of three who'd joined a nightly anti-vandalism patrol and a forty-three-year-old maintenance worker were shot down by gang members. Government by the people, of the people, and for the people? "CLOSED SESSION ROMANCE ON THE HILL: REP. WAYNE HAYS' $14,000-A-YEAR CLERK SAYS SHE'S HIS MISTRESS," read the *Washington Post* lead headline on May 23. Hays, sixty-four, who'd married another secretary back in Ohio five weeks earlier, was that creepy chair of the House Buildings and Grounds Committee—"the meanest man in Congress"—who survived the threat of losing his chairmanship in 1975 by engineering a congressional pay raise. The twenty-seven-year-old in question, Elizabeth Ray, pictured on the front page of the *Post* in a low-cut swimsuit, was quoted as saying, "I can't type, I can't file, I can't even answer the phone. . . . Supposedly, I'm on the oversight committee. But I call it the Out of Sight Committee." In Washington, people talked of hardly anything else. Betty Ford, candid as ever, said that since Hays was not married at the time of the affair he should not be judged harshly.

Would-be Woodwards and Bernsteins went off on mistress hunts. One unfortunate victim was a congressman, Allan T. Howe, who showed up in a Salt Lake City police blotter for soliciting a prostitute, then withdrew from his reelection run even though there wasn't any evidence he was guilty. Wrote Tom Wicker, "If Howe's case had occurred anytime except at the height of the Wayne Hays scandal, the Utah congressman would have been front page news nowhere outside the *Deseret News.*" As it was, he became more evidence of the thoroughgoing rot in the political class. In 1970, there had been sixty-three indictments of officeholders by federal grand juries. In 1976, there were 337.

THE CHURCH COMMITTEE BEGAN RELEASING SUPPLEMENTARY REPORTS, which for some reason now caught the attention of the evening news, forcing replies from the directors of the CIA and FBI—the latter, Clarence Kelley, finally acknowledging abuses by his predecessor J. Edgar Hoover, such as the attempt to make Martin Luther King commit suicide. Then came the voting in Oregon on May 25. The Democrats' results were a surprise. Carter did not win, nor Brown; Frank Church did. He also won the same day in his home state, Idaho (where Carter, bringing his all-things-to-all-people shtick to a new low, told voters he felt a deep kinship with them because he too raised a crop that grew underground). "I hope here in Oregon," Church had said in an appeal for votes, "that those Democrats who have been supporting Jackson

and Humphrey and Udall will unite together behind my candidacy." He argued, "I just don't believe that the White House is the proper place for on-the-job training." He denounced "the politics of style." And since he was the only candidate saying such things, he monopolized the votes of those who agreed. He now was three-for-three—a contender.

Carter, meanwhile, won in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Arkansas—but those states had been virtually uncontested. He just wasn't "closing," as the salesmen say. Once more in Washington the stop-Carter forces—now known as "ABC," or "Anyone But Carter," after 1972's version, ABM, "Anyone But McGovern"—stirred. "Holding for Hubert," read buttons some Democratic politicians wore.

ON MAY 21 RONALD REAGAN WON ROOF-SHAKING ACCLAIM FROM 3,500 at a Christian college in Chattanooga by proclaiming, "Never again should this country send its young men to die in a war unless the country is totally committed to winning it as quickly as possible." But Tennessee was also home to the Tennessee Valley Authority, and when the press asked him in Nashville what he thought about the TVA, he responded with what he had learned from reading Henry Hazlitt's *Economics in One Lesson* under Lemuel Boulware's tutelage in the 1950s—the same answer that cost Barry Goldwater the Volunteer State in 1964. He said, "I still believe in free enterprise, and the government doesn't have any place in it." Reporters pressed, asking him if that meant he would sell to private interests the extensive network of dams that had brought electricity to the impoverished rural masses. "We'd have to look at it," he replied.

Ford won Oregon. That was expected. Reagan won Arkansas, Nevada, and Idaho—and that was expected, too. The shock was in Tennessee, an open primary full of Wallace Democrats. But even conservatives loved the TVA in the Volunteer State. Which was why Ford won Tennessee—an astonishing boost. Despite this, as Elizabeth Drew noted, "That the race between the President and Ronald Reagan has got to this point" was in itself "astonishing."

The melodrama was only just beginning. Much more than the Democrats, Republicans picked many of their delegates in convention and caucuses. Winning these kinds of proceedings—a dark art that often involved manipulations of parliamentary procedure and backroom cajoling almost unto blackmail—had been a specialty for the generation of young conservatives who'd been protégés of a man named F. Clifton White. In the 1940s and 1950s, he had assembled within the Young Republicans National Federation a cabal that became known as the

"Syndicate," and made it the spine of the stealth organization that seized the Republican Party from the bottom up in the early 1960s to grab the nomination for Goldwater.

Ironically, White himself was now working for Ford. His disciples, though, were hard at work for Reagan, plucking delegates one by one from the grip of Republican machines in states that pundits had believed were all but in the bag for the incumbent. On May 8, they won ten of seventeen delegates chosen in Wyoming's GOP state convention and eighteen in Oklahoma. The next Saturday they won nine more in Louisiana. A scouting trip to Missouri by John Sears and David Keane revealed slim pickings for the Show Me State's June 11 convention—but they dispatched Morton Blackwell and Don Devine, two former Young Republican hands and were now professional conservative activists, and who got to work organizing there. "There is a developing trend for people we had counted on in caucus states to move to an uncommitted posture," one worried Ford official told the *New York Times*.

Another worrisome trend for Ford: in states like New Jersey, with its sixty-seven delegates to be chosen in a June 8 primary, Reagan forces decided not to waste resources in the face of a liberal Republican establishment. So low-level Republican officials and just plain ordinary folks took matters into their own hands—the better to save civilization from the infidels. "A vote for Ford is a vote for Kissinger and I'm not going to let the Republican Party sell our country down the river or down the Panama Canal either," a Mrs. Eleanor Day Wimill told the reporters who came calling on her little basement organization. This cadre was made up of small businessmen, retirees, housewives, and college students. Their leader was a phone installer. They had little money, only enthusiasm—and the lethargy of the Ford campaign. One Ford supporter in New Jersey, the former congressman Charles Sandman, said he preferred Nelson Rockefeller. Rockefeller, for his part, did not say no when asked if he might ever become a candidate. Instead he was vague: "I don't see that scenario." He added that Ford's moves to the right were "very dangerous" for the general election.

Reagan's forces grew arrogant. At a rally in Ohio a helicopter trailed the banner, "REAGAN FOR PRESIDENT, FORD FOR VICE PRESIDENT." The candidate began speaking of a "probable" first-ballot win. For his part Ford spoke more and more about his admiration of Harry Truman—who'd declined to run for reelection in 1952 rather than face a humiliating loss. "Some observers," the *New York Times* reported, "said they sensed that Mr. Ford's emotion might bespeak an awareness that his Presidency could be of a brief duration." The president zoomed ahead

by about a hundred convention votes the last week in May when 119 of 154 New York delegates officially pledged for Ford. But no one knew what would happen to all those delegates nationwide that Ford *thought* had pledged for him, but which now seemed so very, very soft. The answer might come on June 8—when contests in California, Ohio, and New Jersey would select a third of the delegates needed to nominate.

IT WAS THE SAME ON THE DEMOCRATIC SIDE—WHERE JIMMY CARTER WAS struggling, and straddling, to close the sale. Elizabeth Drew did further damage to his "sincerity" image by deconstructing the calculation behind it: "The small-town, rural image was debated long and hard. The prevailing feeling was that although most people didn't have anything similar in their own lives, it had appealing overtones of roots, stability, things to which even people in cities would be drawn.... The decision to situate the Carter campaign headquarters in Atlanta instead of Washington, another much debated one, was based not just on logistics—the fact that Carter and his staff lived in Atlanta, the availability of volunteers—but also on image . . . of being not-of-Washington.... Even the role of the peanut"—the campaign's charming symbol—"was discussed. Some argued that it should be played down, because it might seem a little corny. But then it was found that the peanut had a sort of humble quality, and this became convenient to a campaign in which, as an aide put it, smiling, 'humility was not our long suit.'"

Straddling was his long suit. In San Francisco he said he both supported biblical teachings against homosexuality (he mentioned Leviticus 20:13, which reads, "If a man also lie with mankind, as he lieth with a woman, both of them have committed an abomination: they shall surely be put to death, their blood shall be upon them") *and* would sign a bill protecting gay rights. He said, "I will pick my Cabinet on the basis of merit, not politics," and that others were "horse-trading for the highest office of the world—I've not done that." Yet he also began embracing an idea he had heretofore rejected, the Kennedy-Corman universal health insurance bill, beloved of the labor leaders he was courting. He said both that he would never give up control of the Panama Canal *and* that he would renegotiate the treaty (but Panamanians made America giving up control of the canal their condition for negotiating).

But the deconstructions were not having an effect. Carter spoke to the Ohio AFL-CIO convention in Cincinnati and said his was "the one campaign that speaks to and for the average hardworking, taxpaying American." He said, "My critics don't want to stop Carter. They want to stop the reforms I'm committed to. They want to stop the people of

this country from regaining control of their government. They want to preserve the status quo, to preserve politics as usual, to maintain at all costs their own entrenched, unresponsive, bankrupt, irresponsible, political power." Then he quoted Bob Dylan. The next day a CBS/*New York Times* poll showed he was the only Democratic contender running ahead of President Ford.

He spoke to the California state legislature (a sign by the door warned visitors to enter at their own risk because the building was not structurally sound), saying, "If I had to sum up in one word what this campaign is all about, that word would be 'faith.'" A cover article appeared in *Rolling Stone* by the magazine's drug-addled gonzo literary superhero Hunter S. Thompson; it was more than fifteen thousand words long. He wrote that "on the 200th anniversary of what used to be called 'The American Dream,' we are going to have our noses rubbed, day after day—on the tube and in the headlines—in this mess we have made for ourselves"—but that Jimmy Carter just might point the way out. Thompson wrote of a 1974 Law Day speech by Carter in Georgia he happened to stumble into, and called it "the heaviest and most eloquent thing I have ever heard from the mouth of a politician." The article was called "Jimmy Carter and the Great Leap of Faith." People yearned to believe.

Carter traveled to Los Angeles to speak at the dedication of a new wing of Martin Luther King Hospital in Watts. He launched into a preacherly rhythm:

I see an America poised not only on the brink of a new century but at the dawn of a new era of honest, compassionate, responsive government.

I see an American government that has turned away from scandals and corruption and official cynicism and finally become as decent as its people.

I see an America with a tax system that does not steal from the poor and give to the rich.

I see an America with a job for every man and woman who can work, and a decent standard of living for those who cannot.

I see an America in which my child and your child and every child receives an education second to none in the world.

I see an American government that does not spy on its citizens or harass its citizens, but respects your dignity and your privacy and your right to be let alone.

I see an American foreign policy that is firm and consistent

and generous, and that once again is a beacon for the hopes of the world. . . .

I see an America in which Martin Luther King's dream is our national dream.

I see an American on the move again, united, its wounds healed, its head high, a diverse and vital nation, moving into its third century with confidence and competence and compassion, an America that lives up the majesty of its Constitution and the simple decency of its people.

This is the America that I see and that I am committed to as I run for President.

I ask for your help.

You will always have mine.

The speech was titled "The Power of Love." The campaign bought five minutes on all three networks to run a commercial based on its themes. The *New York Times*' Charles Mohr called it "one of the most moving speeches on the racial dilemma heard in a long time," and reported, "An almost physical wave of love seemed to pass from the black listeners to Mr. Carter"—"ethnic purity" be damned.

That was June 1. On June 4, the Associated Press revealed that only 20 percent of Carter's backers knew his positions on the issues. But they yearned to believe.

The next day, Hubert Humphrey said he was still considering accepting a convention draft, and would make his ultimate decision on June 18. Frank Church was surging—then, when he was on the bus to his next event in Ohio, he received news that the Teton Dam, whose construction he had controversially backed, had been breached. He told the press that "a wall of water fifteen feet high is heading toward Idaho Falls," and broke off his campaign. Governor Brown might be a fascinating fellow—but no: it was simply too late. Mathematically, it was now unlikely Carter would fall below the majority threshold a draft would require. Mayor Daley said that if Carter won Ohio he would be the nominee. Carter began speaking of his nomination campaign in the past tense: "I think a lot of people have become more aware of the presence of peanuts in the country this year. I think that the image of a peanut, which is a crop that I grow, being kind of small and insignificant but cumulatively being very important to the American people, is one that fairly accurately mirrors the kind of campaign that we've run." For its June 8 issue the *National Enquirer* dug up a quote about a 1969 incident in which he'd said, "One thing's for sure, I'll never make fun of

people who say they've seen unidentified objects in the sky. If I become President, I'll make every piece of information this country has about UFO sightings available to the public and the scientists."

As goes the *National Enquirer*, so goes the nation?

ELIZABETH DREW VISITED A TYPICAL REAGAN CAMPAIGN RALLY THE SUNday before the Ohio, New Jersey, and California elections, in a high school auditorium in "one of the more conservative sections of the conservative city"—Cincinnati, her hometown. Ford would almost certainly win a landslide in New Jersey. Reagan would almost certainly win a landslide in California. What happened in Ohio, the classic presidential bellwether state—where Reagan's campaign had set a modest expectation of ten of ninety-seven delegates up for grabs—might just determine whether the Republicans would see their first brokered convention since 1948.

The auditorium was draped in red, white, and blue. ("Ford's decor usually consists of blue-and-white President Ford banners.") The star entered; the crowd erupted. A supporting cast warmed them up as the man of the hour stood by at the ready: Ken Curtis, the man who played Festus in *Gunsmoke* ("I am speaking up for Governor Reagan because I am a concerned American"); the Hollywood superstar introduced as "General Jimmy Stewart," who, in his best aw-shucks Mr. Smith tones, spoke of Reagan's ability to reach all sorts of people—"I know in the acting racket this is one of the things you're supposed to be able to do.... There are all sort of tricks." Ronald Reagan, though, was *for real.*

The man of the hour took the podium; another roar. He told a favorite joke, about how the government was like a baby ("an alimentary canal with a big appetite at one end and no sense of responsibility at the other"). He laid into his opponent, who "has spent most of his adult life as a member of the Washington establishment"—"Eleventh Commandment" be damned. He said he would create a budget surplus—then turn the money back over to the people. "It's never been done!" he quoted a government official as having told him. "*Wellll,* they've never had an actor up there before!"—and the audience roared. (Nancy, "who has perfected the adoring gaze," looked up at him—adoringly.) He offered a favorite homily about federal waste—a supposed sociology study backed by $249,000 in federal money "to find out it's better to be young, rich, and healthy than old, poor, and sick." He spoke of all the things he'd done for education and health as California governor, "and he sounds almost like a disciple of the Great Society," Drew said. Then both speaker and audience indifferent to the contradiction, he said government "does its best for us when it does nothing." The crowd went wild.

Then it was foreign policy time, and the crowd was launched into the stratosphere.

"I don't believe the United States can afford to give up something that belongs to us because we've been threatened with trouble from a dictator....

"Détente has become a one-way street." (When, an Agence France-Presse reporter asked plaintively, "has *zees* become a dirty French word?")

He said, "It's time to give the schools back to the states and the local districts, where they belong."

An aide nudged Elizabeth Drew and told her to be ready for what was about to happen next: the biggest applause line of every single speech:

"And who knows? If we can get Washington out of the classroom, maybe we can get God back in."

At that, the *New Yorker*'s political correspondent apologized to her readers for having told them only months earlier that running for president was something Reagan the radio personality was doing only to burnish his marketing potential. This was a "real challenge to the President.... This year has taught us not to underestimate him."

WHERE IT DID NOT UNDERESTIMATE HIM, THE EASTERN ESTABLISHMENT Press insulted him.

May 31, the *Washington Post*, from Los Angeles, reported: "Reagan, who last week received the Father of the Year award in a ceremony here, will miss the high school graduation of his 17-year-old son, Ronald Prescott, in order to campaign in Ohio." The next day it corrected this: "The *Washington Post* incorrectly reported the campaign schedule of Ronald Reagan in yesterday's paper. Reagan will attend the high school graduation of his son this Friday and also attended a Los Angeles Republican dinner before leaving Saturday to campaign in Ohio." Perhaps to mitigate the damage to his family-friendly image, a spot was filmed for the California primary with daughter Maureen, sitting on the floor with a family scrapbook.

President Ford had some new commercials of his own. He had recently retained the Madison Avenue wizard who for Ty-D-Bol launched the little man sailing across a toilet tank, for Wisk invented "ring around the collar," and who bid to make Schaefer the brew of preference for alcoholics—"Schaefer is the one beer to have when you're having more

than one." To that august body of work he now added an imperishable ad for the Leader of the Free World:

"Ellie! Are you working for President Ford?"
"Only about twenty-six hours a day!"
(The two friends pass a supermarket.)
"Notice anything about these fruit prices lately?"
"Well, they don't seem to be going up the way they used to."
"President Ford has cut inflation in half."
"In half? Wow!"

(The *New York Times*, for the benefit of sophisticates who boasted of not owning a television set, helpfully explained that the line was delivered "in the astonished tones TV housewives use when they discover that their brand of paper towels doesn't absorb water nearly so rapidly as a friend's.")

"It's just that I hate to think where we'd be without him."

Comes the male voice-over: "President Ford is leading us back to prosperity. Stay with him. He knows the way."

The Ford campaign also added this commercial, in heavy rotation in California. It sent Ronald Reagan ballistic:

If you've been waiting for this presidential campaign to become a little clearer so that you can make a choice—it's happened. Last Wednesday Ronald Reagan said he would send American troops to Rhodesia. Thursday he clarified that. He said they could be observers or advisors. What does he think happened in Vietnam? Or was Governor Reagan playing with words?

When you vote on Tuesday remember—Governor Reagan couldn't start a war. President Reagan could.

The record of what he had actually said about Rhodesia, in a press conference at the Sacramento Press Club, was vague. Reagan called the ad a "smear" and an "absolute distortion of the facts." "The words poured out of him in angry, snapping tones," said the *New York Times*. It raised the vituperation between the two men to the proverbial fever pitch. On *Face the Nation* the Sunday before the three big primaries, Ford said Reagan's opposition to the Panama negotiations could lead to "guerrilla war," and pointed Republicans to "the tragedy of 1964" should Reagan be nominated. Reagan all but called his opponent a liar: "Leadership today, I believe, calls for going to the American people and

telling them the truth." Ford sent his wife out to be interviewed by columnist Helen Thomas—who learned that "Betty Ford feels almost as strongly against forced busing as her husband." Reagan said he might not vote for Ford if the latter ended up the nominee. John Wayne introduced Reagan in Newport Beach, California—and, asked by NBC why he was supporting him, answered, "Because Jerry Ford is too fucking dumb to be president."

Next, as if on cue, it sounded like Jerry Ford was impersonating Chevy Chase instead of the other way around.

WASHINGTON (AP)—Six-foot-tall President Ford may have to get a helicopter with a higher doorway.

He lightly bumped his head again Sunday as he was getting aboard on the South Lawn for the start of a campaign trip to New Jersey and Ohio.

The incident happened as the President was trying to turn and wave good-bye.

Then he motorcaded through the Buckeye State. In Middletown, where they made stainless steel, he announced he was limiting imports of the stuff. In Dayton, he announced he was ordering $36 million in new construction at the city's Wright-Patterson Air Force Base. Garry Trudeau in *Doonesbury*, for his part, presented a bemused Democratic candidate: "I believe that Mr. Ford has reacted desperately to the Reagan challenge. Especially in the use of the patronage prerogatives of his office!" "Governor, are you referring to Nebraska's new submarine base?"

IT WORKED IN OHIO, WHERE FORD PREVAILED 55 TO 45, WITH REAGAN picking up only six delegates. But in California the Reagan landslide was even greater than expected, 65 to 35. Stu Spencer speculated that Ford's Rhodesia commercial had backfired, costing the president 8 points. The Republican race was still on.

On election night Reagan's adopted and biological children appeared onstage together for the first time, on a set made up to look like a train to the Republican National Convention in Kansas City. Wrote Michael Reagan in his memoir, "I was so proud to be on that stage with my father that I didn't want the moment to end. If only some of the love those people had for Dad would somehow find its way to me, my problems would be solved. Please love me too, I thought."

Jerry Brown (a rare childless bachelor in politics) won a landslide in California, too. "Every state I've gone into, Jimmy Carter's lost," Jerry

Brown said. "So I will go forward. . . . The Democratic contest is still on." It wasn't. Carter had 1,514 delegates, nine more than he needed to be nominated on the first ballot. Brown added, "The American people have begun to question what Carter is saying, if he's saying anything at all." They hadn't. Gallup's postprimary poll found voters favoring him over Ford 53 to 39 and over Reagan 58 to 35.

Insider Washington was a different story. George McGovern called Jimmy Carter "a dangerous man." Bob Shrum called him "not human." Joseph Kraft called him "a pig in a poke" and Evans and Novak noticed his "streak of vindictiveness" and "implacable hostility to any opposition." But outside Washington, the people had spoken. They yearned to believe. And so the leaders followed. Hubert Humphrey took himself out of the race. George Wallace said, "He's entitled to the nomination. . . . We've got to overlook many things. He'll make a fine candidate." Mayor Daley said that "the ballgame is over." Scoop Jackson, Ted Kennedy, Robert Byrd, and Lloyd Bentsen all announced their support. The nominee-apparent announced a speaking tour staking out his foreign policy, finally—having said all spring that he would offer specifics on world affairs only after he had won.

BICENTENNIAL NEWS: ON JUNE 1 IN NEW YORK, HUNDREDS OF GLASSY-eyed Moonies, after knocking on doors for weeks, plastering the Bronx with slick posters in which their True Father raised his arm in a distinctly Hitlerian salute, managed to help half-fill Yankee Stadium for a five-hour "Bicentennial God Bless America" rally. Outside, a pamphlet war raged: Jews for Jesus and "Jews for Judaism"; feuding Evangelical denominations; Hare Krishna and the followers of Guru Ji; National Citizens Engaged in Reuniting Families Inc. (A member of that anticult group said of Moon's Unification Church, "They took our children, and we want to get them back." Another parent of a Moonie, however, disagreed. She told a reporter she was glad her twenty-six-year-old daughter had finally found something "genuine.") Inside the ballpark high winds scattered red, white, and blue balloons and after a summer squall nearly ripped down the giant REV. SUN MYUNG MOON, PRINCIPLE SPEAKER banner that hung between the upper and lower decks. Fireworks and a marching band ushered Rev. Moon to an outfield podium. He had just bought the forty-one-floor New Yorker Hotel, across the street from Madison Square Garden, as the church's "World Mission Center" and faced a $1.8 million lawsuit for holding a nineteen-year-old in involuntary servitude and violating federal labor laws for his unpaid army of evangelists. He held forth in Korean as his chief deputy, Bo Hi Pak, a former colonel in the South Korean army, cried out in simultaneous translation:

There are critics who say, "Why is Reverend Moon so involved in America's Bicentennial? It is none of his business." Ladies and gentlemen, if there is illness in your home, do you not need a doctor from outside? If your home catches on fire, do you not need firefighters from outside? God has sent me to America in the role of a doctor, in the role of a firefighter.

(Moonies applauded in creepy unison. Others booed and streamed for the exits.)

In the 1950s America seemed to be the hope of the world. The symbol of America was the city of New York. Today, however, the world has lost faith in America, and New York has become a jungle of immorality and depravity, a city transformed under the attack of evil.

(His point was conveniently illustrated by marauding bands of teenagers, exploding firecrackers, throwing smoke bombs, and hurtling refuse from the upper deck.)

In Boston that same week, someone set fire to the gift shop of the tourist replica of the ship from the Boston Tea Party; two days later, a bomb rocked Plymouth Rock. An anonymous call to the papers from something called the "Defense League" said the attacks were responses to Attorney General Levi's decision not to intervene in Supreme Court appeals of Judge Garrity's desegregation decision, and that more bombs would follow unless forced busing was immediately stopped.

Boston had lost the competition to be seat of the nation's Bicentennial festivities to Philadelphia, whose mayor, Frank Rizzo, faced a corruption-driven recall drive and was described by a writer in the Catholic magazine *Commonweal* as a "racist whose very existence should be a national embarrassment." Rizzo told the hometown *Inquirer* that the city had become "a target for attempts at disruption and violence by a substantial coalition of leftist radicals" who intend "to come here in the thousands" to disrupt "the rights of the majority who are going here to enjoy themselves with their family." He asked for fifteen thousand federal troops.

A Washington, D.C., police official testified to the Senate internal security subcommittee, "A variety of groups, most of them basically

Marxist-Leninist and some openly terrorist, have discussed plans to disrupt the Bicentennial . . . commanded by the Prairie Fire Organizing Committee, a support organization for the Weather Underground."

At West Point, the entire junior class was barred from summer break as a result of the cheating investigation. In Phoenix, on June 2, a forty-seven-year-old investigative reporter for the *Arizona Republic*, a father of seven, was murdered while pursuing a tip in a corporate corruption investigation when he turned the key in his car's ignition and a bomb planted in the floorboard exploded. In Miami, on June 4, $3 million in smuggled cocaine was found on Colombia's 203-foot three-masted entrant in the festive "Tall Ships" race to Newport, Rhode Island ("COCAINE FOUND ON BICENTENNIAL SHIP"). The United Nations World Food Council, meeting in Rome, released a report predicting a "world food disaster by 1985."

America's incoming ambassador to Lebanon, Francis E. Meloy Jr., on his way to present his credentials to the country's president, was kidnapped with one of the embassy's economic counselors by the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine while crossing the division between Beirut's Christian and Muslim sectors. Their bullet-riddled bodies were found on a beach shortly thereafter. Meloy was the second U.S. ambassador to be killed by terrorists in the line of duty during Gerald Ford's tenure, after Rodger Paul Davies in Cyprus.

Six fully rigged vessels collided with one another at the start of the Tall Ships race in Bermuda. And on the lighter side, Harry Reasoner gave an editorial on *ABC News*. With distaste, he noted the half-kidding remark of a friend that all these primaries were great for the moral health of America: "Several hundred of the best reporters in the country have been following the candidates around. This keeps them from other investigations, so if anything bad is going on, maybe at least we don't know about it, which is nice for a change." Happy birthday, America!

FORD AND REAGAN BOTH DROPPED IN ON THE MISSOURI REPUBLICAN Party's weekend convention. Thirty of the state's delegates had already been chosen in balloting by congressional district, fifteen for Ford, twelve for Reagan, three uncommitted. Nineteen would be chosen here in Springfield. Most, the conventional wisdom had augured, would be going to Ford: the handsome young governor, Christopher "Kit" Bond, and his attorney general, John Danforth, had it wired. At the podium at the Shrine Mosque, both officials told the delegates they couldn't be reelected on a ticket headed by Ronald Reagan. Bond pointed out the new Gallup poll showing Ford as the better candidate against Carter.

Then, on Friday June 11, the President of the United States all but put some 1,400 Missouri Republicans to sleep with his flat Midwestern drone. In the same spot on the next day, the former governor of California electrified them.

And behind the scenes Morton Blackwell and Don Devine got to work.

Ford forces had made a motion to de-credential Reagan delegates on technical grounds; that was a typical feint at contested political conventions. And frequently—for instance, at the Democratic conclave in Miami Beach that nominated George McGovern in 1972—a melodrama would ensue over the question of whether the rules should be interpreted to allow challenged delegates to vote on the disposition of their own case. This was a political tradition.

In the Republican Party, however, there was another tradition: conservatives, practiced in the arts of martyrdom, half out of a sincere sense of cultural grievance and half in poker-style bluffing, whiningly accuse wicked "liberal" party grandees—"[t]he New York kingmakers' establishment," with their "America Last foreign policy," as Phyllis Schlafly put it in her 1964 classic of the genre, *A Choice, Not an Echo*—of fraud and theft when challenged conservative delegates are not allowed to vote on their own case (or when challenged delegates *are* allowed to vote on their own case, if it is conservatives doing the challenging). And this time, such whining worked.

Blackwell and Devine read out the bill of grievance at a news conference. "Thou Shalt Not Steal" signs they passed out dotted the floor, for the benefit of news cameras, during convention sessions They put together a mock "newsletter" decrying all manner of sins by Ford forces, taping their draft to the door of the Ford offices and threatening to release it to the papers the next day unless the Ford campaign buckled. Which, after a dramatic night of negotiations, they did. Reagan emerged with eighteen delegates—it would have been nineteen had the governor's wife not broken out in tears at the podium, begging the delegates to let her husband participate in the convention in Kansas City.

It was the first state convention after the primaries closed. The Reagan forces scored a coup—a "humiliating rebuff," according to Evans and Novak. The Reagan forces had apparently worked those columnists over, too: they accused Fordites of trying "to frighten grass-roots conservative diehards into ignoring their hearts and following their appointed president." The *Washington Post* published an estimate that Reagan was now but seventy-one delegates behind, 958 to 887, with 259 uncommitted or yet to be decided. "Our Next President (Pick One),"

read the *Time* cover on newsstands that Monday. It quoted the Ford hand James A. Baker III, a Texas attorney who'd gotten into politics to help his friend George H. W. Bush, and whom *Time* called "Fred" Baker: "These Reagan people don't care: they're absolutely ruthless. Our people just aren't used to this uncompromising hardball stuff."

And in a letter signed "Dutch" to his dear friend Lorraine Wagner, the former fan club president, Reagan wrote about how the Ford people had "shamelessly railroaded" delegates at the previous weekend's conventions in Arkansas and Kansas. "Then came Missouri and we were ready.... It's a battle now for each single delegate so we'll go after the undecided or the shaky committed. If you know of any let us know."

THE NEXT WEEKEND IN IOWA, FORD WON NINETEEN DELEGATES AND REAgan won seventeen—but the president's aides had hoped to do much better. (The Ford campaign had canceled on the Iowans after the assassination of the ambassador in Lebanon—and released pictures showing a commander in chief poring over military-looking maps.) In Washington State it was Reagan, thirty-one to seven; in a congressional district convention in Colorado he picked up three; in a Texas meeting to pick at-large delegates he scooped up four more.

David Broder talked about maps on Monday in the *Washington Post*. He detailed how Reagan was now down by only fifty-five delegates, 997 to 942, and said that the two camps were converging—despite psychological gamesmanship by both sides to bluff the highest number they could credibly get away with. He estimated that Ford might be no more than twenty-five votes ahead, or even a little bit behind, when state conventions ended July 17. "In either case," he concluded, "the balance of power will lie with the bloc of uncommitted delegates now numbering 159."

Time was impressed by the smooth-running Reagan machine, doing its job F. Clifton White–style: "For months Reagan's men burrowed into the bedrock, taking control of the local parties at the ward and precinct level. Where Ford built his organization from the top down, Reagan built from the bottom up." The magazine quoted Betty Ford sniping at her husband's staff: "They just sit back complacently, thinking that the President would be nominated, that it was some sort of shoo-in." Her husband was barely less hard on himself in an interview with Hugh Sidey: "I'm the first to admit that I'm not an accomplished speaker. My own speechmaking ability from a text is not first class.... I have developed a bad reputation both as to speeches and presentation." Elizabeth Drew found a Ford-friendly congressman who said, "Ford is

so inept that we'd have been better off if Nixon had burned the tapes on the back lawn." Reagan's speeches at the state conventions now stressed electability—"Look at the record in California, where I was elected in a state where Democrats outnumber Republicans almost two to one and I won the governorship by nearly a million-vote margin"—and stole a line from the president's old argument: *Ford* was the regional candidate, a minority taste of the Northeast, and Reagan was the national one.

The national headlines were crazy, as usual. On June 22, the news was that all 50,000 employees of the state of Massachusetts were going out on strike and that seventy miles of Long Island beaches were closed when the tide brought in a gagging plague of sewage. On June 24, the front page of the *Washington Post* included the following stories:

"The Senate intelligence committee said yesterday that senior officials of both the CIA and the FBI covered up crucial information in the course of investigating President Kennedy's assassination."

"Anthony (Tony Pro) Provenzano, a central figure in the investigation of former Teamster union President James R. Hoffa's disappearance, has been indicted on charges involving the 1961 kidnaping and murder of a New Jersey Teamsters official."

"A 19-year-old Wheaton [Illinois] woman, charged with murder in the beating death of her infant son last April, has told psychiatrists and investigators that she was trying to rid the baby of a demon that had possessed him."

"The United States vetoed Angola's application for U.N. membership today because of the 'continuing presence and apparent influence of Cuban troops' in the West African nation."

That same day, Dr. Maurice Sage, president of the Jewish National Fund of America, was about to present Betty Ford with the gift of a ceremonial Bible when he collapsed of a heart attack. As Secret Service agents sought to revive him, the first lady, cool and calm, took the podium to lead the crowd in a silent prayer. Reporters began noticing the button showing up on the lapels of Republican liberals at the state conventions: "Elect Betty's Husband."

The evangelicals at *Christianity Today* responded cruelly. They had recently run an interview with Reagan affirming his evangelical bona fides. "There's been a wave of humanism and hedonism in the land. However, I am optimistic because I sense in this land a great revolution against this," he said. "I think there is a hunger in this land for spiritual revival, a return to a belief in moral absolutes—the same morals upon which the nation was founded.... When you go out across the country and meet the people you can't help but pray and remind God of Second

Chronicles 7:14, because the people of this country are not beyond redemption. They are good people and believe this nation has a destiny yet unfilled."

He also said, "There is a widespread but false interpretation in many areas that separation of church and state means separation from God. . . . I don't think He ever should have been expelled." Of pornography he said, "You can make immorality legal but you cannot make it moral." Of the Bible, he affirmed, "I have never had any doubt about it being of divine origin. . . . How can you write off the prophesies in the Old Testament that hundreds of years before the birth of Christ predicted every single facet of his life, his death, and that he was the Messiah?" Concerning abortion—no ambiguity: "I think it comes down to one simple answer: you cannot interrupt a pregnancy without taking a human life." And he asserted, "I have had an experience that could be described as 'born again.'" The editors captioned the article "Promising Candidate." Those same editors did not feel so generous toward Ford—whose son was an evangelical seminarian. After the first lady's call to prayer for God to preserve Dr. Sage's life, they deadpanned that he "was pronounced dead at a nearby hospital a short time later."

On the weekend of June 26, Reagan took only ten of forty-two delegates at the convention of Minnesota's Republican Party (which in a fit of post-Watergate embarrassment had changed its name to "Independent Republican Party"). But Reagan swept all but one of the available delegates in New Mexico, Idaho—and Montana, where party officials had tried to make a truce between the two warring factions by dividing the delegation equally. But as a Ford supporter told the *Washington Post*, the Reagan team "insisted upon a political bloodbath."

On June 27 the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine hijacked an Air France plane bound to Paris from Tel Aviv, forcing a landing at the airport in Entebbe, Uganda, where the hijackers divided the passengers into Jewish and non-Jewish groups, letting the non-Jews go free, like Nazis filling a boxcar for Auschwitz. A twenty-seven-year-old launched his balloon *The Spirit of '76* from New Jersey in an attempt to become the first man to float over the Atlantic. He abandoned the deflating craft, broke three ribs, and was retrieved by the Soviet ship *Dekabrist*.

Reagan's advisors announced a series of television broadcasts to "reposition him on the issues," the *Washington Star* reported, "to make it easier for voters to identify with his conservative ideology. Where he has spoken in the past of the 'free enterprise system' he will now stress 'jobs.'" "There will be an effort to moderate the image," John Sears told

Elizabeth Drew. "We'll start repositioning for the fall." On July 1 Joseph Kraft reported a leak that Ford had changed his mind and was considering Reagan for his running mate. James Reston approved, partly: "In fact the Vice Presidency, if it weren't for the possibility of its leading to the Presidency, is almost perfect for Ronald Reagan: decorative, theatrical, and not too much work." Reagan did not approve of the idea himself. He said, "Only the lead horse gets a change of view." He was adamant: the notion of an "ideologically balanced" ticket was a political abomination.

On the front page on July 2, Woodward and Bernstein turned their investigatory attention to the Republican miasma, confronting a senator from Wyoming, Cliff Hansen, with evidence that he had promised seven delegates to Ford in exchange for measures to enhance his state's oil and gas revenue. He denied it. Then, under the investigative reporters' cross-examination, he cracked. "Well, maybe I did. Okay, I did. Goddamn you." On July 3, Ron Nessen dissolved the story in an acid bath of cleverness, asking reporters why, if Ford were trading delegates for oil industry favors, he had signed an energy bill that kept him from winning in Texas.

Then, on July 4, the president embarked on a busy day of travel, to culminate with an appearance on the deck of the carrier USS *Nashville* to watch the Tall Ships sail into New York Harbor, accompanied by seven special guests—all uncommitted delegates.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

Bicentennial

IF YOU AWOKE ON INDEPENDENCE DAY AND FLIPPED OPEN YOUR PAPER to the Sunday funnies—and you happened to be a member of the suspicious circles—*Doonesbury* provided a comforting dose of cynicism. A plantation slave hears the bells over the horizon and asks, "Hey! Is that freedom I hear ringing?!" His master reads him something from the morning newspaper: "*. . . that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their creator with certain unalienable rights. . . . Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness!*" The slave asks, "That mean what I think it does?" The master answers, "Probably not, Sammy." The slave concludes, "You mean Jefferson sold us out?"

The previous evening, in Philadelphia, Frank Rizzo had hissed out a warning: "I hope and pray that nothing happens, but know this—a lot of people are coming to this town who are bent on violence." Amtrak closed luggage lockers in stations along the Northeast Corridor, a precaution against those who might use them to hide bombs. The People's Bicentennial Commission promised two hundred thousand marchers on Washington to declare "Independence from Big Business."

There was plenty, then, for skeptics to feast upon when America celebrated its two hundredth birthday party on July 4, 1976. But the skeptics turned out to be lonely. Everyone else just forgot their fears and had fun. They heeded John Adams, who said when the Declaration of Independence was signed in 1776, "It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations from one end of this continent to the other from this time forward forever more." And so it was—beginning where light first reached the North American continent, high atop Mars Hills Mountain in Maine, when NBC and CBS began sixteen hours of live coverage with the raising of the Bicentennial flag to the accompaniment of a fifty-gun salute.

Came next a riot of parades and picnics. Kids in their crepe-paper-draped bikes and red wagons. Clanging fire trucks, clambakes, rodeos. Sack races, ox roasts, barbecues—*nostalgia,* which a grateful

nation drank in like so much ice-cold lemonade. America the beautiful. Land of the free, home of the brave. My country 'tis of thee. This land is your land. And it all felt very, very good. Yes: people yearned to believe—suspicious circles be damned.

THE PRESIDENT BEGAN HIS LONG WEEKEND ON THURSDAY, DEDICATING the new National Air and Space Museum on the National Mall in Washington, D.C. ("Confined within these walls and windows are the products of American men and women whose imagination and determination could not be confined.") He led a ceremony that unveiled a continuous seventy-six-hour display of the nation's official copies of the Declaration of Independence and Constitution. He went by helicopter to Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, where two thousand pilgrims in two hundred covered wagons from all fifty states camped out in anticipation. There, he signed a bill establishing as a national park the sacred site where General Washington's Continental Army camped out over the frigid winter of 1777–78—then signed a scroll of 22 million names of Americans pledging to rededicate themselves to the principles of the Declaration of Independence. "Our Bicentennial is the 'happy birthday' of all fifty states," he said, clambering with boyish glee up to the seat of the covered wagon representing his home state, Michigan.

He was next ferried to Philadelphia, where at precisely 2 P.M. he tolled the Centennial Bell thirteen times (the Liberty Bell was too fragile)—one of thousands pealing nationwide, from church towers and town halls and front yards at the exact instant the Declaration was said to have been announced. Then he gave the first of his six speeches that day. ("The world may or may not follow, but we lead because our whole history says we must.") Queen Elizabeth II stood by his side (she caused a stir by touching the Liberty Bell). A visiting boys choir from Paris sang. The "Mummers" of South Philadelphia's Italian neighborhoods, famous for their gaily costumed New Year's parade antics for seventy-five years, delighted children. A 49,000-pound cake was displayed—though an even bigger cake in Baltimore helped celebrate the flag at Fort McHenry that inspired "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Goofy, delirious fun: for America's sacred days, no massed displays of military weaponry like in those other, less idealistic nations. "A Super Bowl of superlatives," a columnist in Columbus, Ohio, called it: "the biggest, the loudest, the best and the brightest; a blur of extravaganzas months in anticipation." The sixty-square-foot cherry pie on display in the aptly named town of George, Washington. That world-record-setting pole-sitter, descending from his perch to delighted cheers in San

Jose, California. (Had it been conceived to boost the sales of a car dealership? No one cared.) A goofball arrived in the City of Brotherly Love after pushing a watermelon all the way from Georgia. In Hawaii the telescope at Mauna Kea Observatory focused light from a star precisely two hundred light-years away onto a sensor that triggered a switch that transmitted the current that relit the lantern of one-if-by-land Old North Church in Boston, as the USS *Constitution* boomed its guns for the first time in a century in a twenty-one-gun salute. A woman in Peoria, Illinois, shouted to a reporter over the blare of a passing parade, "It makes you want to believe in the country!"

An estimated ten thousand immigrants took the oath of citizenship—7,141 in Miami alone. In Lake City, Pennsylvania, a 2,300-citizen town near Lake Erie, workers threw the switch on a landing pad for flying saucers—approved by the federal Bicentennial Administration for listing in the official Bicentennial program—encircled by a red, a white, and a blue ring of light. "We thought if there actually were UFOs, we might as well give them a place to land," said the project's director. "This thing is bringing the whole town together. And isn't that what the Bicentennial is all about?"

The presidential helicopter alighted atop the USS *Nashville* in New York Harbor. Millions massed on both sides of the Hudson, two hundred thousand people in Weehawken, New Jersey, alone. "We don't know if those antique railings can hold and frankly we anticipate fatalities," the mayor warned. But everything turned out fine. They witnessed the magical parade of 224 Tall Ships and thousands of small boats, in the city where the Democrats would hold their nominating convention in a week; then the president was off to Washington, D.C., to review an eighteen-float "Pageant of Freedom" depicting the nation's history in eight twenty-five-year tableaux, culminating with the 1969 moon shot (though Los Angeles's parade, which lasted eight hours, was bigger).

Suddenly the nation's capital was not a seat of wickedness and dissolution. It was lawns honeycombed with happy families, museums bursting with awestruck tourists—and, after darkness fell, the "damnedest fireworks display the world has ever seen," in the words of the chairman of the convening group, Happy Birthday, U.S.A., whose day job was president of the Giant supermarket chain. People watched from picnic blankets, from hotel rooms, from town-house rooftops in Georgetown, from cars stalled in a massive Bicentennial traffic snarl that somehow seemed to agitate drivers not at all—900,000 happy revelers oohing and aahing over twenty thousand rockets and thirty-three tons of explosives, controlled by a sixteen-mile matrix of electrical wires.

And the president saw it was good. He bade his countrymen good night from the Oval Office: "In its first two centuries the nation has not been able to right every wrong, to correct every injustice, or to reach every worthy goal. But for two hundred years we have tried, and we will continue to strive to make the lives of individual men and women in this country and on this earth better lives—more hopeful and happy, more prosperous and peaceful, more fulfilling and more free. This is our common dedication and it will be our common glory as we enter the third century of the American adventure." Before his own head hit the pillow, he would later recollect, he declared a personal victory: "Well, Jerry," he told himself, "I guess we've healed America."

YOU COULD MOCK.

You could laugh at Mayor Rizzo because his city got half as many tourists as expected because he had scared all the rest away. You could point out that Philadelphia's original Bicentennial plans for a World's Fair had been scrapped years earlier, organizers explaining that "national and international hard times" made it impractical. You could laugh at the fact that the lasers during the D.C. fireworks show that were supposed to spell out "Happy Birthday America 1776–1976" did not quite work on cue. You could laugh at Reverend Sun Myung Moon, who'd marched his zombies across the Mall in revolutionary costume, then allegedly gathered them at midnight at the Washington Monument, where they poured their blood into a vat and prayed for True Father's "success in America." You could point out the Bronx cheers the president would have earned if he had had the guts to actually *set foot* in Manhattan—CITY TO FORD: DROP DEAD—instead of hiding on an aircraft carrier watching the ships go by. (One of them, it was reported, the four-masted barkentine from Chile, had been used as a torture chamber by General Pinochet.) You could point out superciliously that many of Philadelphia's Mummers only a dozen years earlier had pranced about in blackface.

You could point out that the nation being celebrated was more and more one of cynics and smart-asses, the gross and the uncouth (like the broad in the halter top from a home movie of the parade in Minersville, Pennsylvania, who looked into the camera from amid the shirtless and hot-pants-wearing throng, smirked, and threw up a two-handed middle-finger salute). Or that the estimated $400 million spent on the parties, including $51.8 million in federal funds for the American Revolutionary Bicentennial Commission, could have been spent more patriotically by actually making America a better place.

You could celebrate Boston University's curmudgeonly president, John Silber, who gave a grumpy address called "Counterfeits of Democracy" at Faneuil Hall: "Increasingly, we confuse the pursuit of happiness, guaranteed by the Declaration of Independence, with the pursuit of pleasure."

You could point out—like *Doonesbury* in the Sunday morning paper and Jesse Jackson calling for blacks to boycott and the Native American group in Portland, Oregon, who said their invitation to join the Bicentennial Wagon Train was like Jews being invited to a party for Adolf Hitler—that the American dream did not include all Americans' dreams.

You could point out, as media voices did during Operation Homecoming in 1973, that the whole thing served the malign ideological purpose of dissuading a nation from a desperately needed reckoning with the sins of its past.

You could dismiss the whole thing as infantilizing: "birthday parties," after all, were for children.

And some people did. But the vast, vast majority did not. Indeed, wrote Elizabeth Drew, "the children understood better that this was a special evening"—the *New Yorker* implying that they were the ones who had it right.

The day after, it was almost hard to remember that the keynote of the preparations had been ambivalence and embarrassment—the ambivalence of a nation where only eight months earlier, 68 percent of citizens had told Gallup pollsters that the government consistently lied. (George Gallup wrote, "If this persists, it is within the realm of possibility that the United States will in the near future experience its greatest crisis of confidence since 1933.") Indeed when Oberlin, Ohio, was chosen as a stop on the Bicentennial Wagon Train the local newspaper's editors confessed nothing but apprehension. They reported, "The Bicentennial [has] not really caught on here or across the nation." In a special Bicentennial edition of the paper in April, they reflected that the celebration had been "conceived more out of obligation than desire . . . the nation as a whole is not much in the mood for a birthday party. With a choice of red, white and blue decorations, the dominant tone seems to be blue."

Then, the day arrived, and those same editors changed their mind. "Our apprehensions were unfounded," they wrote. "America truly does have a heritage to celebrate this year and the wagon train made part of that heritage come to life for us." And lots of people agreed. Cardcarrying, charter members of the suspicious circles tried on the sort of simple patriotism associated with followers of Ronald Reagan, some for the first time—and discovered they liked it. And for the many who had liked it already, the reaction was sheer unadulterated relief that they could tune those suspicious circles out.

Dread proved unfounded:

There were no fatalities in Weehawken.

Only about five thousand protesters showed up in Washington.

The National Safety Council said that highway casualties had been "normal."

And, lo, there were no terrorist attacks.

And dread suddenly became passé. *Time*: "[T]he best part of it was that its supreme characteristics were good will, good humor and, after a long night of paralyzing self-doubt, good feelings about the U.S. . . . Only five year ago, in protest against the U.S.'s involvement in Indochina, the flag was being burned, burlesqued, and spat upon. Today many of the self same Americans who chose then to disown their flag are hoisting it high." And *Newsweek:* "It's nice that we're promoting our country for a change rather than putting it down." And, of course, the president: "After two centuries there is still something wonderful about being an American," he said while turning immigrants into citizens at Monticello. "If we cannot quite express it we know what it is. You know what it is or you would not be here."

There turned out to be something so exuberantly spontaneous about the way people felt their way through the festivities—like the riders of a subway car in tense, violent Boston who broke out in a rendition of "Happy Birthday, America," and the revelers who found themselves dancing—"spontaneously and jubilantly," Elizabeth Drew observed—when Arthur Fiedler's Boston Pops ripped into a boisterous "Stars and Stripes Forever." And the throngs who surprised themselves by applauding the most famous lines when a lecturer in Revolutionary costume read out the Declaration on the National Archives steps.

IF THE KEYNOTE OF THE PREPARATIONS WAS AMBIVALENCE, THE WORD that dominated the post hoc reflections was *surprise*.

An AP special correspondent ("Nation's Hunger to Feel Good Erupts in Fever of Patriotism") exulted at how the day "turned out to be a big, warm surprise party. . . . The grim clichés of more than a decade—'the American malaise,' 'the sick society'—were scarcely heard in the land, praise God." Blacks were "less reproachful," Indians less "militant," the distaff sex "paused in her march to full equality" (a good thing!), the young were becoming "less critical."

Elizabeth Drew: "The feeling of the day sort of crept up on many of us, took us by surprise. There was a spirit to it that could not have

been anticipated. For those of us who had been in despair about this Bicentennial Fourth of July, who feared the worst, the surprise was a very pleasing one . . . a lot of us have become so jaded that it is hard to believe that anything is real. But the politicians and the salesmen did not destroy the day—they became almost irrelevant. The celebrating seemed genuine. . . . the feelings came up on us when we least expected them."

A Toledo resident who journeyed to New York: "We're all so jaded, but we were able to savor each one of the ships. . . . It's real exciting because all these countries have gotten together to celebrate the Bicentennial with us."

The *Birmingham News:* "America turned a corner on a self-induced illness of the spirit and stretched its psyche in a burst of national joy and celebration."

Self-induced: throw a big party, and the illness was gone.

ONE OF THE FEW DISSENTS CAME FROM AN UNUSUAL SOURCE. A REMARKable thing had taken place while Americans enjoyed their birthday party. For days a hundred Israeli commandos had been drilling painstakingly for "Operation Thunderbolt," using a precise replica of Entebbe's airport terminal; the model was based on intelligence gained from construction workers and interviews with released hostages. Late on Bicentennial eve, transport planes ferried the commandos 2,500 miles to Entebbe, Uganda; to avoid radar detection they were never more than a hundred feet above the sea and the land. On July 4 they set down with their planes' cargo bays already opened, disgorging jeeps that they then drove to the terminal, dropping two Ugandan sentries with silenced pistols. They overpowered the Palestinian kidnappers and their Ugandan security force, then scooped up the hostages and loaded them into the rescue planes under enemy fire. Simultaneously three more cargo planes unloaded the armored personnel carriers whose forces disabled eleven Ugandan MiGs that might have pursued the rescued hostages as they winged their way to freedom. The whole thing took but an hour and a half—102 hostages rescued, only three killed. The Israelis lost only one commando.

Almost immediately some half-dozen Hollywood companies vied for rights to tell the story. And a former Hollywood hand named Reagan voiced a certain disappointment. He said, "This is what Americans used to do."

THE GOOD FEELINGS LINGERED INTO THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION A week later in New York City. Gotham, said Jules Witcover, "left its customary cauldron of ill temper, rudeness, and freneticism in an uncommon mood of cordiality. Cab drivers who on other occasions not only refused to stop for rush-hour passengers but also tossed epithets as they sped by now became ambassadors of good will. Waitresses, elevator operators, hotel clerks, shopkeepers were uncharacteristically courteous. Police put off their snarling and helped conventioneers find their way around."

The city, he said, seemed eager "to live down its reputation." So did the Democratic Party—that cantankerous conglomeration H. L. Mencken once called "gangs of mutual enemies in a precarious state of symbiosis." Platform drafters finished their work at the Mayflower Hotel a day early, having produced a document as ideologically nondisputatious as the man who would run on it. Feminist forces led by Bella Abzug who had come in demanding 50 percent of delegate slots for women at the 1980 convention came away, satisfied, with a deal promising the party would merely "promote" gender equality and that a President Carter would press for the ERA. Forces led by Jerry Brown's state treasurer, Sam Brown, who had organized the Vietnam Moratorium demonstration in 1969, when some two million Americans stayed home from work or school on the same day to protest the war, came in demanding the endorsement of a "full and complete pardon" for all those in "legal or financial jeopardy" for evading the draft or deserting the military, and came away satisfied with an amendment merely promising pardon consideration on a case-by-case basis. (They also got a symbolic concession: a speech from the convention platform by the wheelchair-bound Vietnam veteran Ron Kovic, author of a forthcoming memoir, *Born on the Fourth of July*.) "You have to give up a bit," Sam Brown the former antiwar firebrand said, "in order to take control of the presidency."

"The idea that the Democrats, if they behaved, might actually inhabit the White House once again," Witcover wrote, had "mellowed that usually fractious party." So had their mellow nominee-apparent—and, perhaps, the mild springlike breezes that transformed the customarily sweltering city into what the journalists phoning in their copy invariably called a "lovefest." The party chairman, the glad-handing Texan Robert Strauss, was asked if the convention would be "dull." He answered, smiling, "It can't get too dull for me."

There had been storm clouds over the horizon. In the middle of June, Carter decamped for a relaxing trip to Sea Island, Georgia. He wore an Allman Brothers Band T-shirt while fishing, reporters noticed. In Georgia, the red-hot Southern rockers, whose singer Gregg Allman

was married to Cher, "have the force of religion," the *Village Voice*'s James Wolcott explained. Their label was Macon-based Capricorn Records. Carter had been friends with its CEO, Phil Walden, since 1973 when the governor called on him to talk about boosting the state's entertainment industry. Carter then signed a law tightening protection of record companies from the scourge of bootleg cassette tapes. Walden promised a series of fund-raising concerts starring the Allmans, Wet Willie, the Marshall Tucker Band, and the Charlie Daniels Band to help put him in the White House—a nice solution to get around the FEC's thousand-dollar contribution limit. But rock stars enjoyed certain recreational activities hazardous to the reputation of Baptist presidential candidates. A federal grand jury was considering drug charges against a number of those in the Capricorn Records orbit; then came the news that the Allmans' former road manager had been convicted for conspiracy and drug distribution, partly on Greg Allman's testimony offered under immunity. Suspicions lingered that Capricorn was more or less a front for a drug ring.

But nothing whatsoever ended up being made of it in the presidential campaign. The drug connections of the powerful were no longer really news.

Drugs, in fact, were everywhere, and hardly anywhere controversial. The editors of *Consumer Reports* had published *Licit & Illicit Drugs: The Consumers Union Report on Narcotics, Stimulants, Depressants, Inhalants, Hallucinogens and Marijuana—Including Caffeine, Nicotine, and Alcohol*, weighing in at 623 pages, treating substances illegal under federal law no differently from their ratings of toasters or the new Chrysler LeBaron (Section VI: "Inhalants, Solvents, Glue-Sniffing"). In 1975 a new magazine had been inaugurated, *Marijuana Monthly*—"a publication," its prospectus read, "dealing with marijuana's growing impact upon society. We present the facts, the fiction, the humor and the opinion about marijuana and the lifestyle of its users." *High Times*, which began publication a year earlier, had been intended as a single-issue parody of *Playboy* (complete with a centerfold picture of a high-grade cannabis specimen). It was selling 550,000 copies a month by 1975. *Saturday Night Live* made plain every week that bingeing on pot was just what your ordinary mildly antiauthoritarian hip young professional was *supposed* to do. (One Chevy Chase gag noted the FBI was warning of a shipment of "killer dope" infiltrating New York. "In an effort to aid the FBI in its investigation, Weekend Update is undertaking its own analysis of the marijuana sent to us anonymously by any viewers who may be worried. Simply place a small sample of the suspected cannabis in an envelope and send it immediately to: Chevy Chase, Apartment 12, 827 West 81st Street, New York City 10053.")

Carter had promised to end federal penalties for possession of less than an ounce of pot, eleven states having already decriminalized the stuff. President Ford was asked by a student on the campaign trail in New Hampshire if he agreed. His reply: "Until there is a higher degree of unanimity among the scientific world that marijuana is not harmful to the individual, I do not think we should decriminalize marijuana." But that seemed like only a matter of time. As for cocaine—"not, strictly speaking, an addictive drug," *New York* magazine reported late in 1973—in 1977 Eric Clapton and Jackson Browne both recorded celebratory songs on the subject; Clapton's eventually charted at No. 30.

In the summer of 1976 the Associated Press reported that one of Carter's nephews, William Carter Spann, was serving ten to life in Vacaville, California, for two armed robberies in San Francisco. The name never made the news again. It seemed no one cared about Jimmy Carter's vagrant relations, nor his stoned rock-and-roll friends—except, perhaps, those young voters for whom the latter was a recommendation, and who joined the lovefest along with everyone else.

YOU COULD SEE IT IN THE VERITABLE STREET FESTIVAL OUT IN FRONT OF the Americana Hotel, where the Carter forces were headquartered: announcements stenciled on the pavement and volunteers passing out leaflets like carnival barkers, Italian ice and pretzels vended by colorful characters in carts and balloons and Bicentennial Big Apple T-shirts and Carter buttons and that wacky fellow in the Uncle Sam costume who always seems to show up at national conventions. Carter strode out upon a makeshift sidewalk dais, more relaxed than ever—"it looks like his more natural smile," a journalist wrote—with his wife and their darling eight-year-old Amy, trying out jokes, teasing the throng by hinting that he might just shock the world by revealing his running mate right then and there, promising that he would never, ever tell New York to drop dead. He ended with the patriotic affirmation that "we still live in the greatest nation on earth."

Former candidates exuded love, too: Mo Udall, affirming, "Now we're here to help Jimmy Carter celebrate his victory"; Jerry Brown, the last holdout, calling Carter "our nominee." High-minded delegates toured the exhibit at the Whitney, "Two Hundred Years of American Scripture"; the proverbial curtain opened at Madison Square Garden

Monday evening, July 12, on a set that featured a white picket fence, and red-white-and-blue bunting meant to call forth nostalgic recollections of the last time the Democrats met at Madison Square Garden, in 1924.

The first keynote speaker was John Glenn, now a senator, formerly an astronaut—an old-fashioned sort of hero. ("Doubts? Fears? Lagging confidence? Well, no wonder. With all that has befallen us, a lesser nation might well have collapsed.") The second keynoter was a new-fashioned sort of hero: Barbara Jordan, star of the House Judiciary Committee impeachment hearings two years earlier, who if anything topped her patriotic oration of 1974 ("My faith in the Constitution is *whole*, it is *complete*, it is *total*"). She was took the stage to the strains of "Deep in the Heart of Texas," and the standing ovation lasted two minutes, roaring right on through the chairman's frustrated gavel bangs (*"Ladies and gentlemen! . . . You're neither ladies nor are you gentlemen!"*), and then she was introduced, and the ovation lasted for another sixty seconds after that.

"It was 144 years ago," her deep voice rumbled, "that members of the Democratic Party first met in convention to select a presidential candidate." (She smiled, anticipating the delight at what she was about to say.)

"Since that time Democrats have continued to convene once every four years and draft the party platform and nominate presidential candidate. Our meeting this week is a continuation of that tradition.

"But there is something *different* about tonight, there is something *special* about tonight. What is different, what is special? I, Barbara Jordan, am a keynote speaker!"

Another thirty-second standing ovation.

She concluded, some twenty minutes later:

"We cannot improve on the system of government handed down to us by the founders of the republic. There is no way to improve upon that, but what we can do is to find new ways to implement that system and realize our destiny.

"Now, I began this speech by commenting to you on the uniqueness of a Barbara Jordan making a keynote address. Well, I am going to close my speech by quoting a Republican president. . . . *'As I would not be a slave, so I would not be a master'*"—

More roars interrupted her.

"'This expresses my idea of democracy. Whatever differs from this, to the extent of the difference is no democracy.'"

Quoting Lincoln, she got another standing ovation, wave after wave after wave. It all felt very, very good.

THE NEXT NIGHT, ON GERALD FORD'S SIXTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY, BASTILLE Day, the speakers included George S. McGovern: "Eight years ago some Democrats had doubts about Hubert Humphrey. And they gave us Nixon's first four years of war and domestic strife. Four years ago, some Democrats had doubts about me—and we got Nixon again. To repeat that sort of folly would be unconscionable." Then Hubert H. Humphrey: "The patriots of 1776 believed, and this party has always believed, that a democratic government must be an active force for the betterment of human life. But there are new Tories abroad in the land. And their words are newly fashionable. They appeal to cynicism. They cater to the people's mistrust of their own institutions. . . . They tell us our afflictions will be healed if we but leave them alone—if we seek private gain rather than public good. . . . There was no room for the Tories in Philadelphia in 1776. And I say there is no room for them in New York in 1976 or in Washington in 1977." Young Michael Dukakis of Massachusetts also spoke, and the first black mayor of Los Angeles, Tom Bradley, and George Wallace, Coretta Scott King, Mayor Daley, Frank Church, and Admiral Zumwalt—*unity.*

The next night was the ceremony of nomination. One of the heroes of Watergate, Peter Rodino, put in Jimmy Carter's name. Another Watergate hero, Archibald Cox, nominated Mo Udall, who said, "As I leave this convention hall, I'm going to have one of those green buttons that dogged me all over America. . . . And tomorrow morning I'm enlisting as a soldier in the Carter campaign." Then Cesar Chavez nominated Jerry Brown.

A televised image: Jimmy Carter in shirtsleeves, fiddling with the back of his hotel room's TV—*just folks.*

The roll call of states; Ohio put him over the top.

On TV: Amy and Carter's grandson Jason clambered onto the candidate's lap, and his wife Rosalynn down in the convention hall said into a reporter's microphone, "I miss Jimmy not being here with me," and Jerry Brown was recognized on the convention floor: "I don't think it's going to be done in a hundred days or a thousand days. It's going to be a long, difficult struggle to live within our environment, and work together and bring about justice. I think Jimmy Carter can do that; he's proved it to you, he's proved it to me, and I just want to be able to announce that the California delegation votes two hundred and seventy-eight votes to Mr. Carter and we're on our way to bring this country back to the Democratic column."

A ceremonial committee was named from the rostrum to bring the

news to Jimmy Carter that, some five hundred days since announcing his candidacy, he was the Democratic nominee, with 2,468 of 2,925 votes. Democrats went off to bed, six of them very nervously: Frank Church, John Glenn, Walter Mondale, Adlai Stevenson, Henry Jackson, and Edmund Muskie, who all got calls from Carter's personal aide Greg Schneiders that they were under consideration to become Carter's running mate, and would receive a call between 8:30 and 9 A.M. with his final decision.

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS PULLED TOGETHER A MORE OR LESS VERBATIM transcript of a call Thursday morning to one of the also-rans:

"Hello?"

"Ed?"

"I just called to tell you I selected someone else."

It spoke to the awesome discipline of the Carter campaign: determined that there not be a leak, he didn't even tell the losers who the winner was. And when the winner got *his* call—"Would you like to run with me?"—he was beseeched to tell not a single soul. Not even the printing plant knew: instructed to produce six green-and-white designs for campaign posters, each with a different running mate's face, the staff there got the call to run off the sheets with Walter Mondale's face only that morning.

The selection process had also been awesomely disciplined—for Jimmy Carter, there were to be no last-minute fiascoes like George McGovern's when he had to abandon his running mate, Thomas Eagleton, after the press learned that Eagleton had undergone electroshock treatment for depression. Having sealed the nomination more than a month earlier, Carter had more time to mull over his decision than any other Democratic nonincumbent in history—and the campaign had been planning for the decision since April, when Hamilton Jordan devised a literal point scale to weigh the possibilities (zero to fifteen for "ability"; zero to fifteen for "integrity"; zero to ten for "acceptance") and graded every last Democratic senator and governor and a clutch of representatives and mayors, too. Those with fewer than twenty-seven points were culled from the pool. Only then were those left considered on factors like political philosophy.

A June 2 memo from Hamilton Jordan reminded Carter this was the first decision "of presidential magnitude you will make," and made the argument that an anti-Establishment presidential candidate had to choose an Establishment running mate: "The best politics is to select a person who is accurately perceived by the American people as being qualified and able to serve as President if that becomes necessary." A new kind of balanced ticket was called for in the age of antipolitics.

Twenty possible candidates were interviewed by aide Charles Kirbo—some not really possibilities, but the bluff put Carter on good terms with the candidates' various political patrons. Hamilton Jordan made an adman's sort of contribution: "reflecting the Carter campaign's propensity for thinking in terms of the words that convey impressions," Elizabeth Drew later learned, "Jordan listed the finalists and the words that he thought attached to their names."

Carter began calling candidates to Plains, Georgia, upon his return from his fishing trip in July. He'd found Muskie too stiff, and was worried about his temper. Senate colleagues reportedly told Carter that Frank Church, who polled best, had handled the CIA investigation poorly and was a weak senator, and Carter worried about their compatibility. (Church himself, who badly wanted the job, would later maintain that the CIA had sabotaged him by spreading a rumor about KGB infiltration of his staff.) But Carter hit it off with Walter "Fritz" Mondale, whom he'd met only twice before, in 1974 when the Minnesota senator dropped in on him in Atlanta, and earlier in 1976 on Capitol Hill. Carter liked that Mondale was a favorite with reporters, was popular with labor and liberals, and was a protégé of Hubert Humphrey, which gave Mondale points with the Establishment. A nice, safe, straddling choice.

Carter walked into the Georgian Ballroom at the Americana Hotel with his wife an hour and a half after telling Mondale the news, mentioning nothing about point scales or advertising semiotics. Carter announced he'd chosen Mondale for his "comprehension and compassion for people who need the services of government most," and that he was someone who'd shown "sound judgment in times of difficulty," and had "the trust of a wide range of Democrats. . . . I feel completely compatible with Senator Mondale. . . . It is a very sure feeling that I have about that point."

He was asked if he was worried about whether Mondale was up for a tough campaign, given that he'd dropped out of the presidential running in 1974. He answered that Mondale had dropped out because "he knew that he could not win"—which was not true, and a strange thing to say about a running mate in any event. Mondale entered with his wife, Joan, and one of the things he was asked about was how he prepared to be interviewed by Carter. He answered, "The first thing I did was to read the most remarkable book ever written, called *Why Not the Best?* I found every word absolutely magnificent."

It was so different from the kind of joke Jimmy Carter would ever